

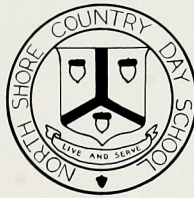


MIRROR

1942

THE MIRROR

North Shore Country Day School



1942



FOREWORD

Mirror (mir'ēr) N. — that which gives a true representation or in which a true image is reflected.

According to the dictionary definition, we, the editors of the 1942 Mirror, have endeavored to give you a true representation of days at North Shore and to preserve for you the fleeting images that are reflected in the mirror of time.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Views and Activities	-	-	-	8
Dramatics	-	-	-	23
Athletics	-	-	-	30
High School	-	-	-	46
Middle School	-	-	-	68
Lower School	-	-	-	71

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In Memoriam

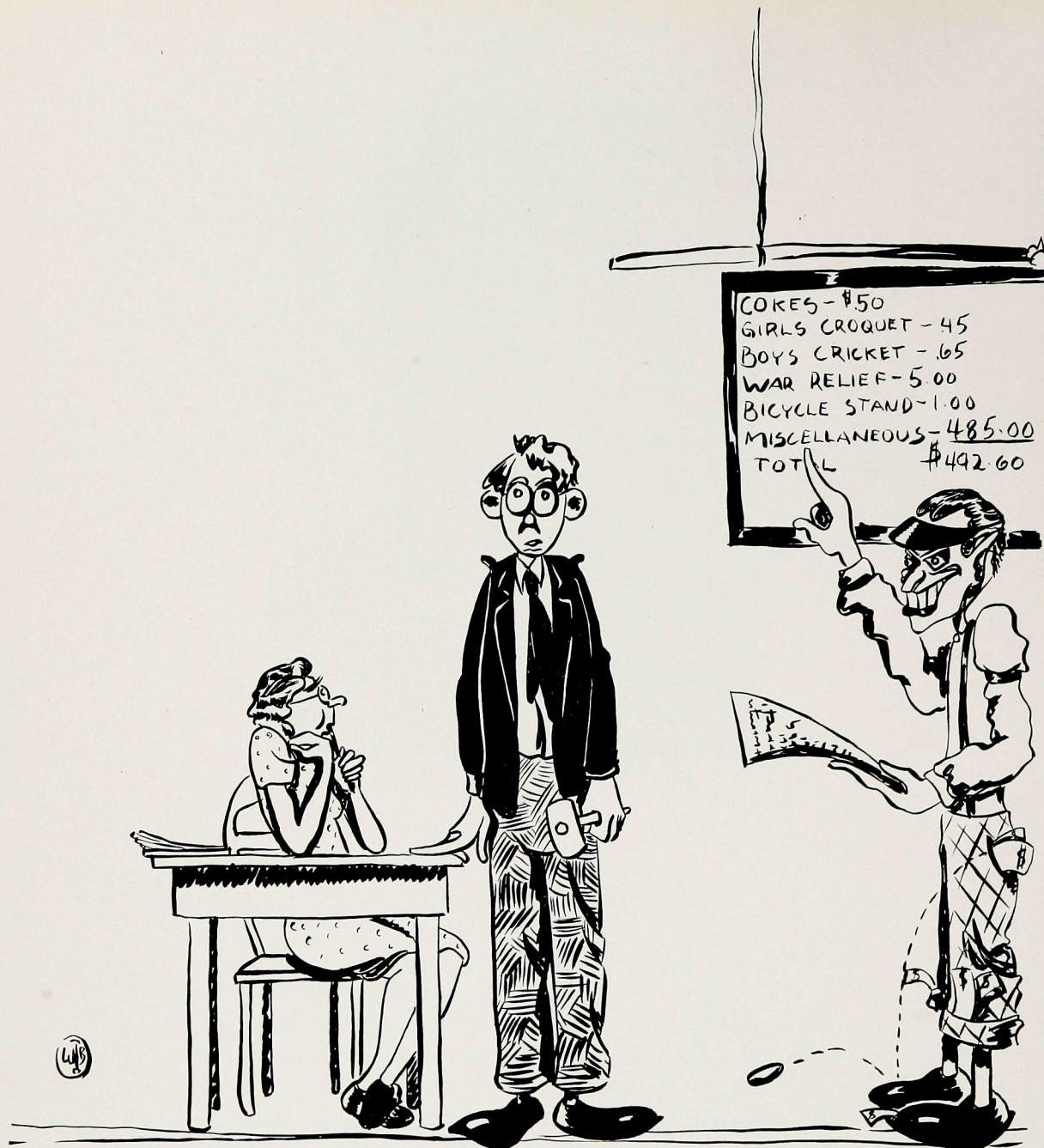


Lawrence Howe
Gilbert Clarence Bills



DEDICATION

For his many long, hard hours of patient work trying to drive principal parts and "first year stuff" into our bony craniums; for his stentorian tenor (?) bellows at opera time; his prevailing good humor; his beautiful array of neckwear; and his early morning cheerfulness, we, the class of 1942, gratefully dedicate this Mirror to Lieutenant Robert F. Millet, USN.



ACTIVITIES



OUR SCHOOL

"To be truly happy is a question of how we begin and not of how we end; of what we want, and not of what we have." If Stevenson was right when he wrote these words in his "El Dorado", the founders of our school were truly happy.

It was the winter of 1919. The Armistice had been signed, and the nation was in the process of absorbing back into its business and industrial life the thousands of soldiers that had left their homes and jobs some eighteen months before to help make the world safe for democracy by fighting its enemies, in France.

At the time, very few schools gave their pupils any real experience in democracy as such. The so-called civics classes studied texts about democracy, and the history classes memorized the facts of battles and leaders in the struggle of various peoples for democratic forms of government; but the students were not allowed to put these forms and theories into practice in their own lives.

There were one or two exceptions to this type of school at the time, however. For more than fifteen years Francis Parker School had been basing its instruction on two fundamental principles of democracy; first, it taught each pupil to accept a part of the responsibility for the welfare of the whole school, thus recognizing the importance of the individual; and secondly, it taught each individual to guide his actions by whatever was best for the greatest number of his school mates, thus inculcating a feeling of voluntary subordination to the

best interests of the school community.

Several North Shore families set up here in Winnetka a school founded on the principle which Francis Parker had formulated, and which the School and others could help work out in practice.

It has ever striven to build up the conviction in its members — parents, pupils, and teachers — that democratic principles will work in practice if individual responsibility and group cooperation are accepted by all. It, therefore, gives as many opportunities as possible to parents, pupils, and teachers to practice the solution of any problem which may confront them by democratic rather than authoritarian means. The motive power in faculty meetings, parents' committees, and, of course, in studies and the other student activities, must come from within the groups themselves, not from some authority above them. Leaders, not dictators, are what democracy must have, and this method, as practiced in the School has shown that leaders are quickly and steadily produced.

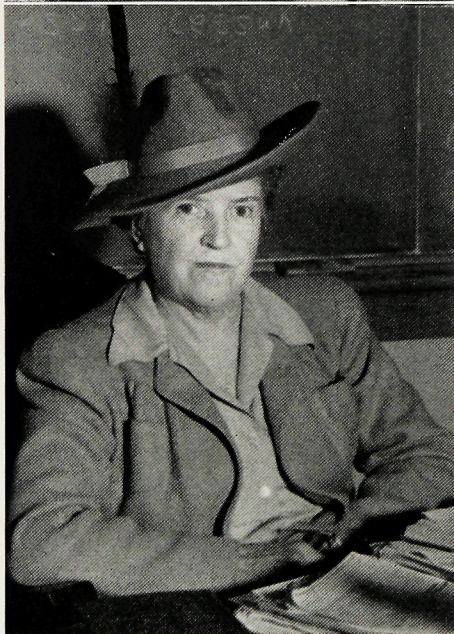
Today we find ourselves engaged in an even greater struggle to save the democratic principles for which we have worked so long. We are, therefore, ready to redouble our efforts and throw every ounce of our energy into this cause. We have experienced in our own lives the true meaning of the aspirations which are now drawing together the whole civilized world in one great brotherhood. To be a part of this effort is our greatest hope and privilege.

Perry Dunlap Smith



The class of 1942 has always been noted for its quick responsiveness to any challenge, its quick acceptance of responsibility, and its ability to form opinions and make decisions equitably, after due deliberation. We have had other classes who have also possessed these qualities; but this class has still another, which makes it truly distinctive, its humility and consequent tolerance of the opinions of others. I do not remember another group who seemed to have so much understanding and sympathy in its dealing with other classes and with the school as a whole. They number among their members plenty of leaders and able executives, but they have never been assertive about this fact, nor jealous of their rights.

Perry Dunlap Smith



Every student and faculty member at North Shore will long remember the school year of 1941-2. Not the least of the reasons for remembering it will be the senior leadership of the class of 1942. In a world of hysteria, depression, and uncertainty, the seniors have created a little island of saneness and serenity around themselves. They have gone cheerfully about the normal daily tasks, preparing themselves—and us—for possible emergencies with no undue anxiety over the future—and no seniors were ever more uncertain over their own immediate futures.

May they continue to keep this balance in a sadly unbalanced world.

Julia B. Childs



The members of the class of 1942 were pre-eminently good citizens. They sought and accepted responsibility. Under the stimulus of their leadership, the school community's sense of civic responsibility reached a new high for recent years.

That same seriousness and high purpose which the class brought to community tasks, it also brought to its studies. Indeed, the united conscientiousness of the class would have been a heavy pall on our school life, had it not been for the large number of creative and imaginative spirits among its members. The class of 1942 will be remembered for its conscience, its industry, and its sparkle.

David H. Corkran



FACULTY

In the above picture you see a group which deserves the highest award for valor and stamina, for it is a group strong enough to survive the passage of the class of 1942 through North Shore. We have argued with them, evaded their questions, left their assignments undone, misused the equipment for which they are responsible, paid no attention to their skilfull pedagogy, and last but not least, we have usually been able to parry their efforts to place us in that most behind the eight ball position of behind the eight ball positions, Late Study Hall!

Seriously speaking, however, we owe much more to the faculty than we can ever hope to repay. They seem to have a knack for making us want to work, and they certainly give us plenty of work to satisfy the craving which they set up.

The striking difference between this faculty and the faculties of other schools lies in

the great amount of responsibility which is given to the student concerning his work. Instead of being the driving force, the faculty at North Shore is much more a guiding force, controlling and assisting the ambitious but often erring efforts of the students to learn on their own.

Besides what we have already said, the intimacy between the faculty and the students is greater at North Shore than at any other school we have ever seen. The faculty seems to be a part of our life, and our close contact with its members is both stimulating and enjoyable; we certainly hope that this contact will not cease, but will become even closer in the years to come.

In leaving, we would like to thank you all, faculty, for having shown us the paths to independent thought and work, for your kind and patient interest in our problems, and for your skilfull guidance when we erred.





LEICESTER

For many years there has been a steadily increasing demand for some sort of facilities which would make it possible for parents living beyond commuting distance to send their children to North Shore. It has been gratifying, also, to receive from time to time inquiries from as far away as New England, from parents who would like to enroll their children with us if it were possible to furnish living accommodations under the supervision and control of the School.

The only way we have been able to solve this problem in the past has been to find places in the homes of faculty members or parents who were willing to accept such a responsibility on a definitely professional basis. This has worked out satisfactorily for both the children and the homes concerned. In fact, it has proved so successful that there has been a constant succession of such arrangements during the last six or seven years.

Many parents, however, expressed a desire for living arrangements with even more supervision on the part of the School. To meet this demand the Board of Directors, after a careful study of the problem, voted in 1940 to inaugurate a new home residence department centered around a master and his wife, who would live on the grounds in the residence building known as Leicester Hall, where five or six boys could live under their direction and the direct supervision of the School without danger of its becoming an institutional dormitory.

Accordingly, details of this plan were carefully worked out. A group of parents was selected to assist in planning the redecorating and remodeling of the building and selecting the furniture and equipment.

In January 1941 the two members of the Parents' Advisory Committee appointed to

work out the details of remodeling and redecorating Leicester Hall for a students' residence, began to meet with Mr. Bollinger. Blue prints of the building, and its existing condition were studied, and a new arrangement was worked out.

About this time Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel French accepted the appointment as the heads of the household, and the plans were shown to them and their suggestions invited.

Few structural changes were called for by the remodeling planned by the committee. Plumbing and wiring that absolutely had to be done were the most expensive items in the program. Two partitions had to be added in the second floor bedrooms, certain doors were blocked up, others were reopened, and two clumsy old built-in cupboards were removed and used in the dressing room.

As soon as the construction work was under way, another sub-committee began planning the decorating, and Mr. Bollinger began investigating the furnishing.

Each boy's room was quite different from all the others. The floor plans differed widely to begin with. Each room was given a distinctive color scheme, worked out in bright plaid homespun curtains, and plain-colored couch covers, against neutral walls.

Mr. and Mrs. French moved into Leicester Hall in May and began the process of making a home there, which has now been very successfully completed.

Life at Leicester Hall closely resembles that in a well-run private home. The effect of this has been to provide the students with a normal, homelike environment. The re-

lationship between the resident master and his wife and the students is a normal and informal association. In this is the secret of the overwhelming success which the Student Residence has enjoyed in this first year of its existence.

The social life of the boys is adequate and complete. Relations with the day students are perfectly normal and there is no distinction made between one group and the other. Each fellow is allowed one late night per week-end. This opportunity is usually adequate to satisfy one's appetite for social activity.

At times the enrollment at the house has run as high as nine students. The attendance fluctuates from time to time because temporary boarders may come or go. Four of the boys have lived at the house all year. Others have come for varying periods.

The geographical representation at Leicester is very broad. Residents of the house have included two boys from Lake Forest, two from Winnetka and one boy from Glencoe. Out of state residents include one fellow from Washington, D. C., one each from Massachusetts and New York and two from California.





MORNING EXERCISE

We feel that morning exercises are an essential part of the organization of our school. The period each morning from 11 to 11:30 is a time when the whole school gets together, from the youngest child in kindergarten, to the oldest senior. It is a time when we share our experiences with other members of the school, telling about what we are doing in some class, or what we did on some vacation. In this way the high school gets to know the middle and lower schools, and vice versa. In addition, we feel that morning exercises are important because of the experience we gain in speaking before an audience as this is the only practice we get in public speaking.

This year the morning exercise committee was working on a new system, which was begun last year. There are two elected representatives, a boy and a girl from each class in the high school, middle school and fifth grade. From these are elected a President and Secretary, the one presiding over the weekly meetings, the other keeping track of the different morning exercises which are

suggested in the course of the meeting. When we have this complete representation of all the grades, it is easier to carry out our policy of having as many morning exercises as possible, which interest as many people as possible, as much of the time as possible.

The better organization this year has made possible a great many more interesting morning exercises from outside the school as well as from within. In the first place there was the educational series. Tony Sarg, Thomas Hart Benton, Professor William McGovern, and Dr. Kreuger were only a few of the many who spoke. Another outside morning exercise, Mr. Giallombardo, world champion, and his tumbling team, was among the most interesting. But just as much as morning exercises from outside speakers, we liked and appreciated the several plays which the Lower School put on.

Altogether we have had a very interesting and educational type of morning exercises which we have enjoyed hearing and enjoyed giving.



STUDENT GOVERNMENT

To make an ideal democracy, every citizen should have the opportunity to voice his opinions, and to take part in the running of the government. In a nation, or even in a city, this is impossible, particularly in wartime. But in a small village or a school like North Shore, where we have a small body of people, such a plan may be carried out. Here at North Shore, each student has the opportunity to help run things, to help solve the problems that arise, and to do his share in assuming the responsibilities of the democracy. But before a student accepts this responsibility, he must have an interest in the affairs of his government.

With this idea in mind, our student council has tried in the past year to promote greater interest in school affairs. Even if it meant hot arguments and verbal battles, we wanted everybody to know the circumstances, to take stands and debate points, and above all, to vote with judgment and sincerity. The plan worked. To begin with, we had excellent attendance at Town Meet-

ings. People seemed interested in hearing other people's views as well as in giving their own. Everyone is familiar with the hot debates and arguments that took place. Not just a few people took part in these controversies; nearly everyone contributed something. And finally, people seemed really to think about their ballots.

This year still more jobs had to be handled by the students; jobs connected with the controlling of the school's wartime program. To mention a few of these new tasks, there was the Air Raid Precaution program, which was handled mostly by the Seniors; the Junior Red Cross; the waste paper collection; and the selling of Defense Stamps in the lunchroom. All these problems gave many more students the experience of government than ever before.

So, at the end of the first war year in the history of the school, we hope that we have laid a firm foundation for a satisfactory wartime program which future student governments may use and develop.



THE PARENTS ARE APPARENT

One of the nicest things about North Shore, and one of the things which sets it above other schools, is the way the parents take part in everything that goes on. Not content with being onlookers of school life, they play an active and important role in it.

Everyone knows that mothers work on the lunchline, but few people realize what a job it is to keep track of who serves on what day and to get substitutes when someone cannot come on a certain day.

The members of the office committee address and fill envelopes. They work at the switchboard, take messages and keep the attendance lists.

Some of the mothers put in hours of patient work on the library and the Art Library. One parent is editor of the "Notes," and another has charge of subscriptions for the skating rink. The task of decorating Leicester was undertaken by parents, and the faculty teas, one every month, are given by mothers of the different grades.

At Christmas time, the fathers pound nails

and paint chairs for toy shop, and the mothers sew doll clothes and make scrapbooks.

One of the most important parent committees is the Costume Committee. For weeks before the opera the members of this committee worked out color combinations, designed sarongs, sewed stripes on the mounties' trousers, and made ruffles for the bridesmaids' costumes. The finished products were as beautiful as any you'd see on the Broadway stage. The cannibals' outfits were true masterpieces.

During the opera the mothers helped cannibals on with their wigs, pinned on bustles and helped in hundreds of other ways.

You get so used to seeing the parents around North Shore that you may take them for granted, and forget that in most other schools they are completely separated from most events. When you stop to think about it, though, you realize that without parent participation North Shore would be lacking a part of that famous "spirit" you hear about so much.



TOY SHOP

The policy of the Toy Shop this year was to make something out of nothing. Since the student government treasury was low, and the prices of materials up, we had to work on a very economical basis. Still, we felt that we'd like to make the 1941 Toy Shop a greater success than ever before with carloads of beautiful, clever, and interesting toys for the poor children of Chicago in time for Christmas. Because of this conflict between hope and wherewithal, a plea was made for old, worn-out toys, bedraggled dolls and stuffed animals, scrap books, and even little thumb tack boxes and covers to glass jars. The students responded splendidly to the plea, and soon the work was well under way.

In the toy factories of the lower, middle, and upper schools, the task of turning into actuality the ingenious ideas that had been thought up in the Art Department was begun. The shop equipment was taxed to the utmost every afternoon as boats, animals, mechanical men and all sorts of contraptions rolled off the assembly line. The old, discarded toys, gathered in the basement hall of

Dunlap, were laboriously repaired, painted, and generally rejuvenated into sparkling, shiny gifts.

Other committees, meanwhile, were working every afternoon on other jobs producing and repairing games, scrap books, stuffed animals, books and dolls. The fancy painting of some of the toys was done in the Art Department along with the deft production of miniature furniture from small boxes and odds and ends. A special committee of students made the annual quest for canned goods, and each student brought at least three cans.

Each high school class had one evening for the parents to come and help. These evenings and the Christmas Toy Shop Party itself brought the activity to a glorious climax.

Looking back on the 1941 Toy Shop, the whole school can feel proud of the results. All in all, our toys and games were sent to seven different Chicago Charitable Organizations, and each toy was greatly appreciated.



MIRROR

"Hey, come on out and play baseball!"

"Sorry, I have to work on the MIRROR."

"You're working on that MIRROR morning, noon and night. Don't you ever get done?"

"Sure, but we're trying to make this the best MIRROR the school's ever had."

"Aw, they say that every year."

"Yeah, but this year we really are making it better. Come on in and look at our dummy. That'll give you an idea of why we think it will be better."

"O. K. Seeing as how you won't come out, I might as well come in."

"Here, take a look. First, see how we've changed the order. The classes are in the middle instead of the first. And have we ever got fancy plans for the cover!"

"Sounds good. What's the story on those individual portraits that were taken this winter?"

"That's one of our new features. We're having separate photographs of all the kids in the high school including the four pairs of twins in the Junior class. That's not all we've added, either. We've put in some new

subjects such as Morning Ex. and Parent Activities. We've enlarged the opera section in the book, too, seeing as how the opera is just about the most important event of the year. In fact, the whole book's bigger."

"Listen, you don't have to sell it to me. I've already bought mine."

"That reminds me. I haven't told you about the business staff. They are just as important as the editorial staff. Have you ever tried to balance a budget?"

"Yeah, but —"

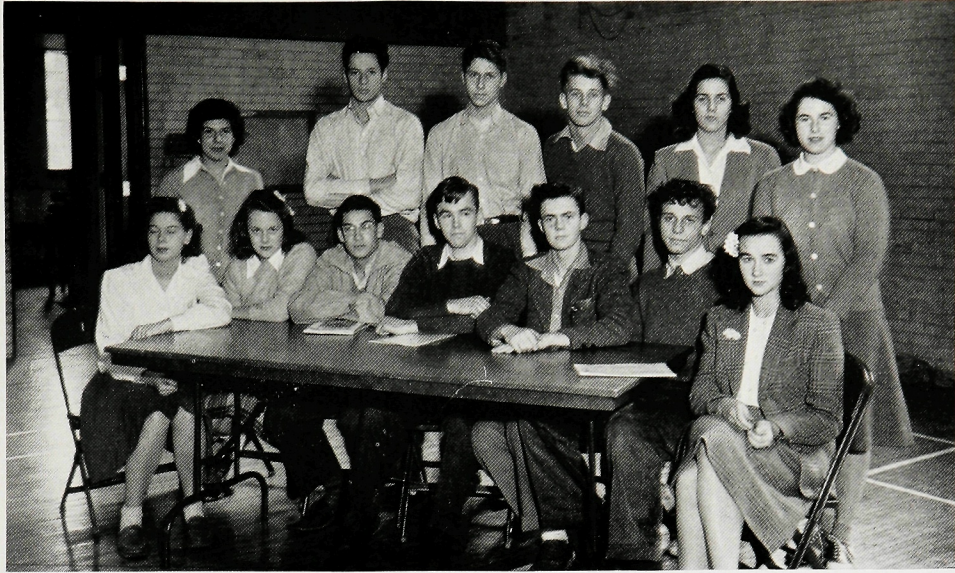
"Then you can appreciate what a terrific job the Business Manager has. And there's the advertising staff. Without ads the budget would never balance."

"I know one job you missed, the guy who gets up in Morning Ex. and says, 'The MIRROR will be on sale in the lunchroom today.'"

"Oh, the circulation manager. He's got a big job too, and so has the MIRROR artist."

"Well, I've got to be going now. So long. Thanks for the preview of the MIRROR. The book really looks swell."

"Thanks. See you tomorrow. Now where was I in that article?"



“PURP”

The picture you see above, labeled “Purp” is a picture of the entire high school, because, theoretically, every student has a hand in the running of the “Purp,” rather than just the so-called “Purp staff.” This year we received generally fair cooperation from the students, and we hope to top this next year, and in the years following.

This year’s staff, taken as a whole, was outstanding in a great many ways. The business staff was particularly efficient. One of their many jobs was to handle all the mailing out of “Purps.” This is a job that requires a lot of hard, steady effort, and they handled it with the greatest dexterity. The advertising staff was excellent, as they kept up, and even surpassed the last year’s quota of ads.

There were some innovations introduced this year which we believe went to make a better “Purp,” and which will probably be continued. Among these were the sending

of every issue to the parents and alumni who were interested. The column, “Dot ’n Dash,” added a touch of color, and will probably be continued.

The readers of the “Purp” were delighted with the photographs that appeared in almost every issue. Articles such as the biographies of the teachers, were assigned to the “reporters” instead of letting them write more or less on their own.

We have even greater plans for next year. We intend to install an Alumni column, to let everyone know what our more recent graduates are doing, worthy of mention (and printable.) We would like to have some of the friends of the school, in military service, write us letters to be published. Whether this could be accomplished or not, we don’t know, but if it could we feel it would be of the most intense interest to everyone.



ORCHESTRA

Any Thursday afternoon that you feel like digging into a little jive, just jitterbug over to Walling Hall and sit in on a session of orchestra rehearsal. When the musicians arrive, they begin to tune their various instruments. After the two pianists have waged a mild battle over the good piano and the loser has seated herself at the small one, they start to play "Chopsticks." They are rudely interrupted by one of the cellists asking them to "bang him an A." Each of the violinists is playing a scale in a different key, while the flutists are struggling to drown out the clarinets. A certain musician is slapping out "The Darktown Strutters' Ball" on his cello, and one girl is assembling a large, complicated instrument which turns out to be a bassoon. The trumpeters are getting in a few hot licks, as a gentleman well known to everyone, enters carrying his bass fiddle. At last, when each instrument seems to be in tune, Mr. Duff raises his baton, and the orchestra is ready for some solid work.

This year the orchestra was increased by taking on another violin, another flute, and a second piano. Also an oboe, a bassoon, and a percussion section have proved valuable additions.

Besides playing at the Thanksgiving Morning Ex., the orchestra gave its traditional concert in January, repeated its former success at the Francis Parker school, and worked hard on the opera. Playing for the opera was a tough job, because a great deal of the music for both "Xingabru" and "Trial by Jury" was played almost at sight. Then too, playing for the opera takes a lot of strict attention to the conductor, plus a certain amount of what you might call intuition. For instance, if one of the actors has a lapse of memory during a performance and skips a few measures, the whole orchestra must skip the same measures too. It deserves a lot of credit for turning in a professional performance and for being an all-important part of a successful opera.



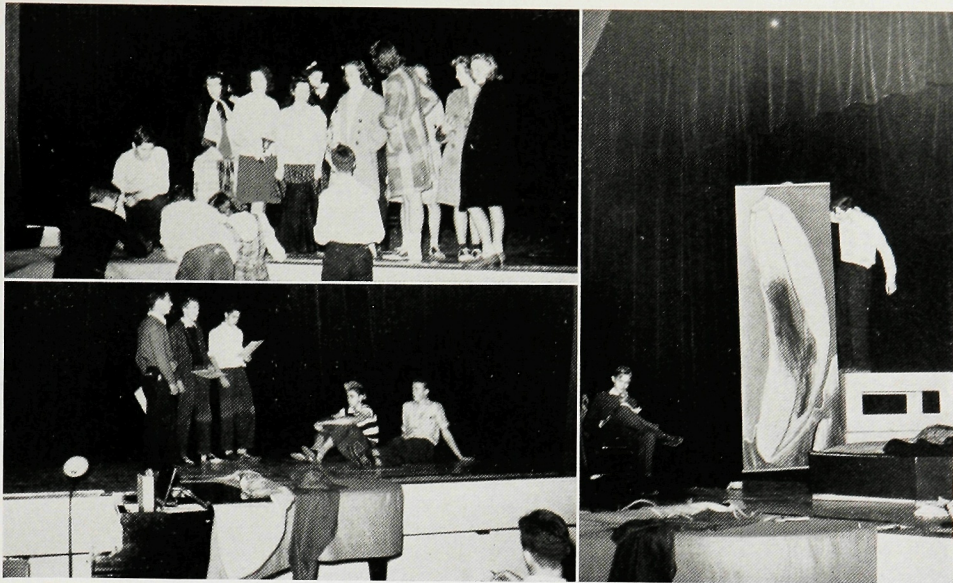
BRAMA



CHRISTMAS PLAY

This year, for their Christmas Play, the Ninth Grade gave *Bethlehem*, by Lawrence Hausman, an English poet. The curtains parted on a pastoral scene, with shepherds and their flocks. Then suddenly, the whole sky lit up, and they saw, coming towards them, the angel Gabriel. The shepherds were very much afraid, but the angel calmed them and told them of the stable where the infant Jesus was lying in a manger; and the shepherds went off to find the stable, bearing gifts. The Angel of the Star, leading the three kings as well as the shepherds, guided them to the stable, above which she stopped

and stood watch. The shepherds entered, and humbly presented their gifts. One of the shepherds, a blind man, was made to see again. Then the kings presented their rich gifts, with a humility as great as the shepherds'. Mary, full of joy, warmly thanked the kings and shepherds, and then she and Joseph settled down for the night. However, the angel Gabriel woke the pair, and warned them that Herod was about to slay all the infants of Bethlehem; so Joseph and Mary traveled on with their precious burden, while the protecting angels sang praise to the Holy Family.



VAUDEVILLE

If anyone ever has doubts (and how could he) about North Shore's dramatic talent, he should remember the Vaudeville of 1941. Everything went off without a hitch, except for the disturbances caused by a couple of janitors.

Starting the program with some cultural entertainment, one of our more learned students gave an enlightening scientific lecture.

A magician worked some feats of prestidigitation, aided by an assistant who put on a display of "cheesecake" the like of which has never been seen before.

Those chic Senior girls, in a style show, looked as if they had just stepped out of "Vogue" (of 1920).

Since no show could be complete without a Western, the Junior girls supplied one. It had everything from horses and canoes to cowboys and Indians.

A few Senior boys staged a double-thriller horror show that made Frankenstein look like Mickey Mouse.

Those cute red and green clowns gave Mr. Giallombardo a run for his money and the Freshman girls, with a Truth and Consequences program, made people guzzle milk

out of a bottle and eat their Wheaties blindfolded.

The Sophomore boys out-quizzed the Quiz Kids; and the Senior boys, deserting the ballet for the northwoods, gave their vocal chords a "workout" with some Canadian songs.

Last but not least was the faculty's stunt. How can we ever forget the ravishing heroine, the dashing leading man, the ping-pong champion, the intelligent servant, and the rest of the talented cast?

Everybody, meaning the parents (you know how parents are) and the actors, reported the Vaudeville to be great entertainment.

After the show everyone went into the girls' gym and cut a rug at the Sophomores' dance.

The Vaudeville was not only a good show, and fun to produce, but it made a profit of about \$100 more than was expected. Since the budget of the Student Government depends largely on the return from the Vaudeville, that extra profit was a gift from Heaven.



OPERA

The girls' gym was a scene of great confusion. The freshmen girls were administering a few last minute dabs of powder upon the noses of some members of the chorus. Several boys dressed in the attire of old time sailors, artists, and farmers were wandering aimlessly around getting in everyone's way, and groups of girls in costumes of 1880 were chattering and giggling, trying to act unexcited. Upon the stage Mr. Duff, several pounds thinner than he had been a month ago, was pacing nervously up and down, and nearly stumbling over the robed, bewigged gentlemen who were sitting glumly on the edge of the stage, rather pale under their make-up.

A whistle blew and a crowd of boys and girls gathered in front of the stage. With a few words of instruction and encouragement from Mr. Duff, the orders were given for everyone to take his place for "Trial by Jury." This moment was the climax of weeks of work and worry, the time that the whole high school had been eagerly awaiting since the middle of winter.

When the curtain went up on "Trial by Jury," and the actors looked forth at that endless sea of blank faces staring up at them, they felt a momentary pang of stage fright. This feeling soon passed, however, when they began to get into the swing of things. As the time came for "A Nice Dilemma" the whole cast mentally gritted their teeth, pitched in, and battled to a successful finish.

At the end of "Trial by Jury," the actors made a mad dash off the stage, and the stage crew hurried on to change from the detailed set of the first opera to the simple, modern-

istic set of "Xingabru."

The girls tore down stairs to cover themselves with liquid powder and to change from long skirts to pastel-colored sarongs decorated with bright flowers and wide sashes. Dorothy Lamour would have bought herself a snowsuit if she could have seen the "jungle belles" of North Shore.

The boys were transformed from jurymen into red-coated Northwest Mounties and black cannibals with feathers in their kinky wigs and bones in their noses.

The premiere of "Xingabru" by Duff & Jameson was awaited with as much excitement as any Hollywood opening. The fact that it was the first performance of the opera whose libretto was written by a North Shore student and whose musical score was composed by one of the faculty, drew a record-breaking crowd both nights and made the experience a more personal one for actor and audience alike.

In the second act the antics of the cannibals dancing the conga to the wild beat of a jungle drum literally stopped the show. They were called back for an unprecedented encore at both evening performances.

On Saturday night when the last curtain fell, and it was all over but the shouting, the whole cast filed from the stage to get rid of the grease paint and scrub off the liquid powder. With a very let down feeling they realized that this was the last opera performance till next year. For the seniors, there was no cheery thought of next year, however, and in the future they would be only onlookers.

If you could put all the fun and satisfac-

tion gotten from the opera on one side of a scale and then tried to balance it with the work put in on the opera, the amount of fun would by far outweigh the amount of work. No one would give up the fun of rehearsing, of the Sunday afternoon practice for the leads at the Duff's, of the supper the night of

the dress rehearsal, of the excitement of the performances just because he was afraid of a little hard work.

The person who originated the idea of an annual opera deserves a medal of honor because North Shore without an opera would be like a cake without frosting.





NATIONAL DEFENSE

Since the war overshadows everything now, and since war effort is taking the center of the stage, we feel that the things which North Shore is doing for Uncle Sam deserve a place in the Mirror.

One of the first projects to be started was the paper collecting campaign. Maybe there was some use in all the written homework they dished out to us, because the more we wrote, the more paper we had to throw away, and the more shell cases we helped to make.

The sale of War Stamps was also one of the early activities started by some patriotic students. Every Tuesday and Thursday in the lunchroom we were coaxed in dictatorial tones to "Buy a defense stamp!"

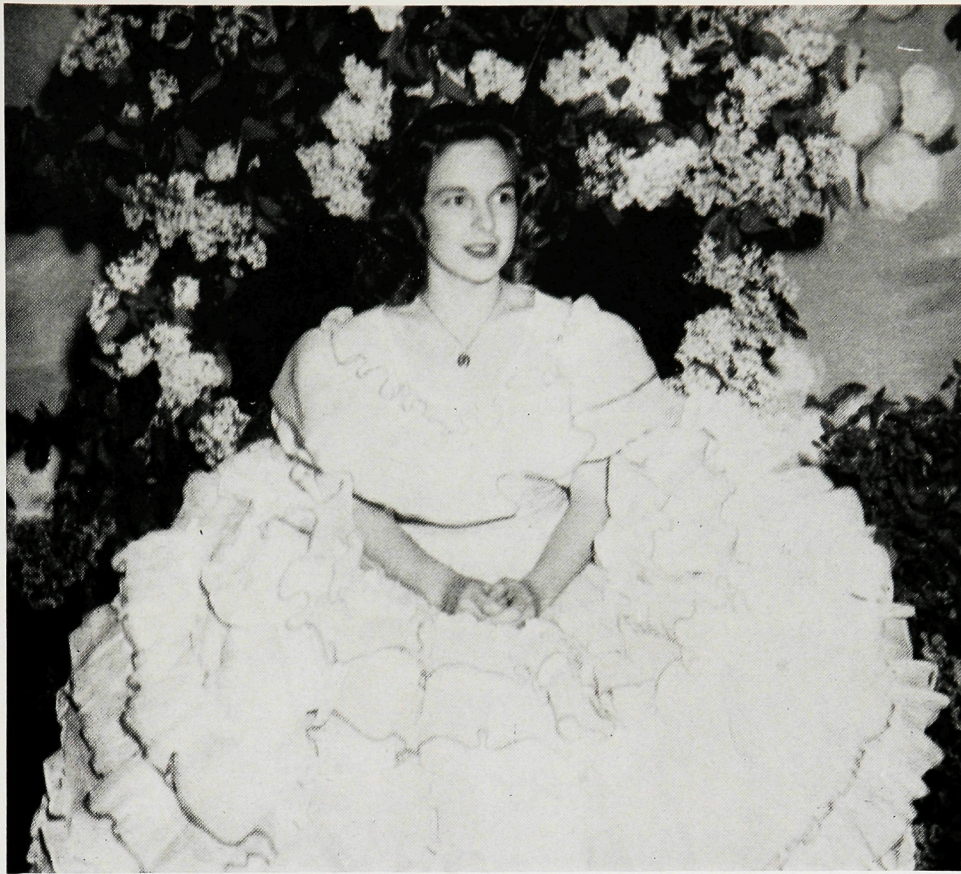
Most of the senior girls, not at all daunted by those unkind cartoons appearing lately in the press, took a First Aid course from Doc. They discovered that it was as much work as taking on a fifth subject, but they learned all about the treatment for shock and what you do when someone faints or pricks his finger.

The sophomore girls, under the direction of Dr. Landau, did their bit by working for the Red Cross. They knitted sweaters, suits for youngsters, and afghan squares, as well as turning out sewing kits.

The Lower and Middle Schools were right up with the High School in their work for national defense. They sewed for the British War Relief and collected things such as old medicine bottles and broken records for the U. S. O.

North Shore was the first school around here to have an air raid drill. After the first couple of practices, which were not too successful, a simple and satisfactory plan was worked out, and the drills began to go off smoothly. To some people air raid drills seemed a silly precaution, but we felt that it is better to lock the barn door before the horse is stolen.

A school like North Shore could exist only in a free and democratic country like the United States; therefore, we have worked hard to contribute toward the defense of this country and to help keep it free and democratic.



MAY DAY

"Wake me early, mother dear, for I'm to be Queen of May!" And so the little May Queen sleepily opened one pretty eye (her Mother having wakened her as promised) and discovered to her dismay that disMay day was not a golden sunshiny day, but a rainy silver one. Sadly she arose and went to school.

Yes, we had May Day in the gym. But what a nice May Day it was. No shivering Queen and attendants bravely suffering a cold wind. No parents with too few blankets covering their knees and tired arms vainly warding off glaring but warmthless sun. No, instead everyone sat, comfortably, in the gym, which was beautifully decked with lilacs and gay tulips. The Queen sat graciously on her throne surrounded by beautiful apple blossoms, daffodils and attendants.

A parade of classes and their banners had preceded the Queen and her court. The Juniors, painfully original, carried in the May King, who was languidly reclining on a specially constructed stretcher.

The dancing was exceptional—especially the new dances, expertly done by the lower school.

The Seniors did their effective Maypole dance without a flaw, much to their surprise.

The picnicking afterwards was far less messy than usual and due to the ideal temperature of the gym the coffee was not so scaldingly hot, nor did the ice cream bars dribble all over everyone's immaculate May Day clothes.

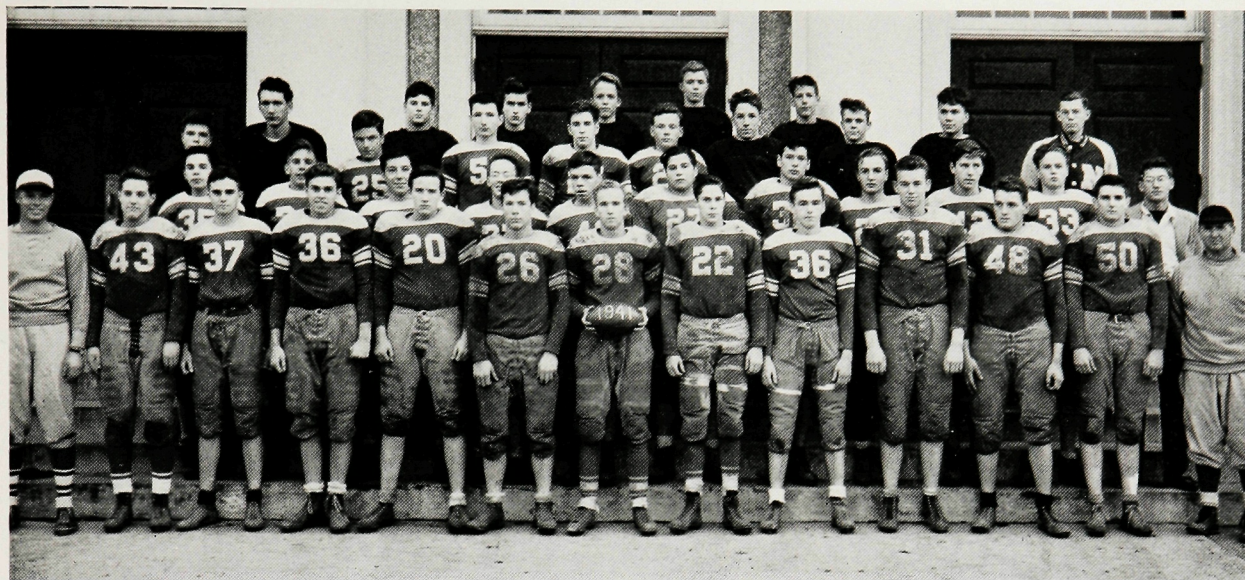
The boys all looked unfamiliarly clean with white shirts and pants and the girls, each class wearing its identifying color, appeared as so many spring flowers.

The Settlement guests sang a song they had written and they enjoyed a lovely afternoon.

When it was all over but the shouting the clean-up committees worked faithfully and well until the last vestiges of a lovely and successful May Day were cleared away.



SPORTS



FOOTBALL

The leaves turned to Autumn browns and yellows the first day of pre-season practice. The potential heroes dropped like flies in the late summer sun. Although the going was rough, the largest group of boys ever to come out for pre-season practice at North Shore appeared. There was much spirit and enthusiasm, but loss of lettermen was especially felt at tackle and end. There were only two weeks of school practice before we were to run up against Northbrook. The general opinion was not favorable to North Shore's 1941 season. With so much inexperienced material it would be a miracle if "Doc" could even put a team on the field.

On October 3rd, an ideal day for football, the Purple Raiders met the red wave of Northbrook. The tilt showed clearly that North Shore lacked offensive power. The teams were evenly matched. Although weight favored our opponents, ability was more with North Shore. The Raiders in the first half almost made their initial touchdown, but the Purple took to the air and were stopped deep in enemy territory. The

third quarter still found North Shore lacking in offensive drive. Northbrook passed and ran to inside our five yard line in the closing minutes of play. The Raiders took time out to tighten their defense. Taking over on the one yard stripe, North Shore passed out of danger; but the gun sounded, leaving the score 0-0.

On October 11th, the Purple Raiders fumbled to a 6-0 victory over Todd. North Shore continued its fine defensive play on a field a foot deep in grass. The lone tally came near the end of the first half on a series of passes. The passing was the high spot in North Shore's play. Due to nine fumbles and poor blocking the Purple and White netted little ground. Although the spectators viewed a ragged game, the Raiders were improving.

Under a threatening sky and on a rain soaked field North Shore wiggled to a victory over Harvard. North Shore had its back to the wall before the opening whistle had died in the breeze. Harvard scored



quickly thereafter. Then with a smooth passing and scoring attack, the Purple tallied and converted the extra point. Thus the half ended North Shore 7, Harvard 6. The Raiders opened up the third quarter with another beautiful passing and running attack. A neatly executed spot pass netted six more points, but the conversion was no good. Harvard struck back with their strong running attack finally ending in a touchdown. The tying point failed as North Shore blocked the field goal. The gun ended the game soon after, leaving North Shore ahead 13-12. The Grandstand Quarterback noticed the improved blocking, but tackling now appeared to be the weak spot. The players at times looked like champions but were branded "All-mosters" because of the lack in final drive.

On October 28, North Shore had its eye towards victory over a weak Milwaukee team. After the first minutes of play the Raiders saw hopes of victory, since North Shore's offensive had begun to work. Late in the first quarter "fumblitis" struck the Purple tidal wave. This set up Milwaukee's first seven points. The next score was the

result of a bad pass from center on fourth down. Milwaukee took over and by passing and running carried the ball over a stunned North Shore team, for the second score. The extra point was added by a surprise play. North Shore never recovered its wind after the first quarter. Although the Raiders outplayed their opponents during the second half, the game ended with a score of 14-0 for Milwaukee. The lack of determination to fight back and continual poor blocking contributed greatly to the only defeat.

On a cold, drizzling November 1st, Parker succumbed to a North Shore eleven on "Lake North Shore." The Purple machine began clicking as it smashed at its opponents unmercifully. Although fumbling, North Shore doubled its efforts to regain the ball. Obtaining possession of the ball the Purple rolled near Parker's goal line. A final plunge fell short in the referee's opinion. In the second half, the "will to win" appeared. Although threatening thrice, once by an attempted field goal, North Shore could not push over the initial tally. Not to be stopped, however, the Raiders, by hard smashing line plays, drove through the mud for the win-

ning touchdown in the closing minutes. After adding the extra point, North Shore held off the desperate attempts of Parker's comeback. The determination to win was the dominating factor in the 7-0 victory. North Shore was the only team to beat Parker, the Private School League Champions.

November 8th found North Shore literally swamping Wheaton 38-0 on "Lake North Shore." A blocked intercepted pass on the opening play by a tackle guard started the ball rolling. Although a let-down occurred after the first score, the Raiders managed to get nineteen points before the half ended. As a result of better blocking and driving power, North Shore added nineteen more points during the third quarter. The second team played the remainder of the game. As there was no scoring in the fourth quarter, the game ended 38-0. A strong defense allowed Wheaton only one first down for more than three quarters.

On a crisp, chill day the last game was played against Latin on November 11th. With tremendous driving power and a smooth passing attack North Shore left Latin bewildered. Latin threatened few

times, but their passing was a constant menace. In the third quarter Latin desperately tried to score, but the Raiders held. "Fumblitis" was still with the team, but cold weather accounted for the majority of muffed balls. The whistle blew for the last time with the Raiders 19, Latin 0.

North Shore played fine defensive ball all year, but was handicapped by errors while on the offensive. The Grandstand Quarterback saw an improved team at each game. The team finished one of the best seasons the school has had, winning five, losing one, tying one. North Shore compiled a total of eighty-three points and thirteen touchdowns. Their opponents made twenty-six points and four touchdowns.

The team was again coached by "Doc" Anderson. Mr. Harritt assisted him in his difficult job. As was shown, they both did an excellent job with the material and Captain Jim Green capably led the Raiders through the season.

North Shore will participate in the Private School League. We are sure that John Jameson, next year's captain, will lead the Purple Raiders over the rough road to North Shore's first championship.





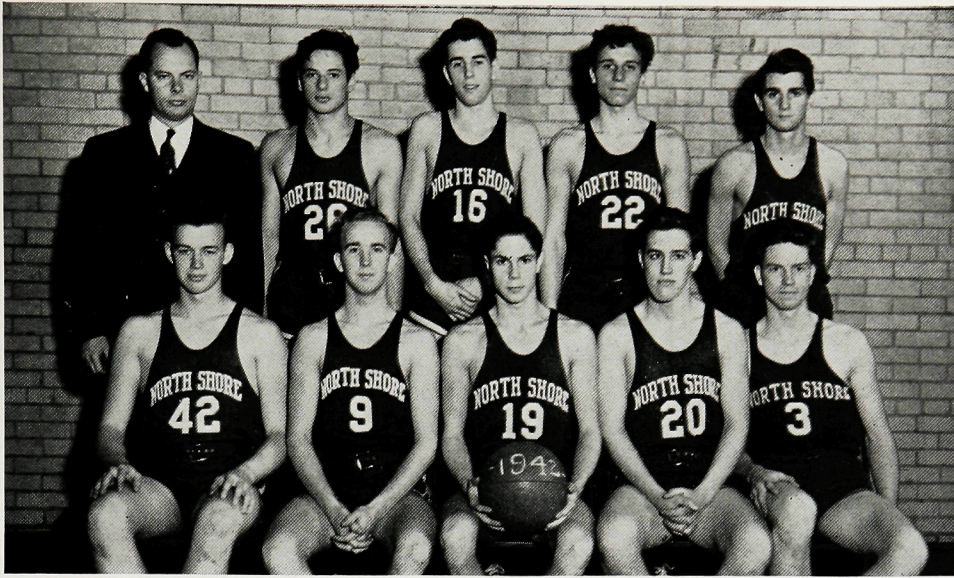
Middle Weights



Light Weights

VARSITY SCORES

October 3.....	North Shore 0,	Northbrook 0.
October 11.....	North Shore 6,	Todd, 0.
October 18.....	North Shore 13,	Harvard 12.
October 28.....	Milwaukee 14,	North Shore 0.
November 1.....	North Shore 7,	Parker 0.
November 8.....	North Shore 38,	Wheaton 0.
November 11.....	North Shore 19,	Latin 0.



BASKETBALL

With Bill Taylor as captain, North Shore enjoyed a very successful basketball season this year; but this success was really nothing more than the climax of a logical sequence of events.

When Mr. Harritt came to North Shore he found himself faced with an extremely difficult situation. The Varsity team, which he was to coach, consisted of boys who were well versed in the fundamentals of basketball, but who were almost entirely ignorant of the technical side. The former is important, but a combination of the two is essential to producing a good ball club. It was impossible to cram those technicalities into a team in one year, so the Coach merely did his best with them and turned his eyes to the future.

The future was in the form of a junior varsity team which was also well acquainted with basketball fundamentals, but which was still young and, consequently, ripe for the Harritt System.

As Freshmen, these boys were taught zone offense and defense, pivot plays, screening and many other fine points of basketball.

The other years leading up to this one were chiefly developing years in which the boys mastered the new style and gained valuable experience. This year the squad was made up of the boys on that first J. V. team.

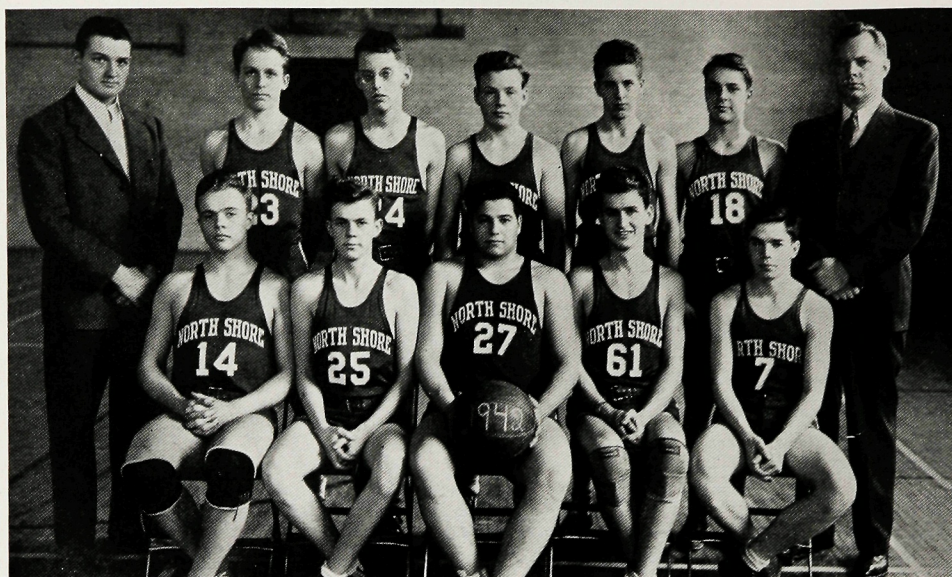
The year's record of eight wins and four losses for twelve games is as follows: North Shore took two games from Latin; the first, 43-26, and the second 51-21. Both games were won with little difficulty.

In our only game with Wheaton, we won, 29-21; also with little difficulty.

The team split with Northbrook, losing the first game, 23-22, when Northbrook broke a last minute tie with a free throw. North Shore easily won the return game, however, by a score of 36-20.

North Shore defeated Elgin Academy in both games; first 28-26, and then, 32-20, on our floor.

The squad split with Milwaukee, losing 22-15 in their gym, and winning 49-42 in our own. We should have won both games, but the team was in a slump up at Milwaukee and played the poorest game of the season.



JUNIOR VARSITY

The only team North Shore lost both games to was Harvard. Harvard was probably the best team we encountered all year, but at that, had North Shore played as good a game as they were capable of, we might have beaten Harvard on our own floor. However, we played only mediocre ball in our home game, and Harvard came through, 37-30. In their own gym Harvard was just too good for us, winning, 49-38.

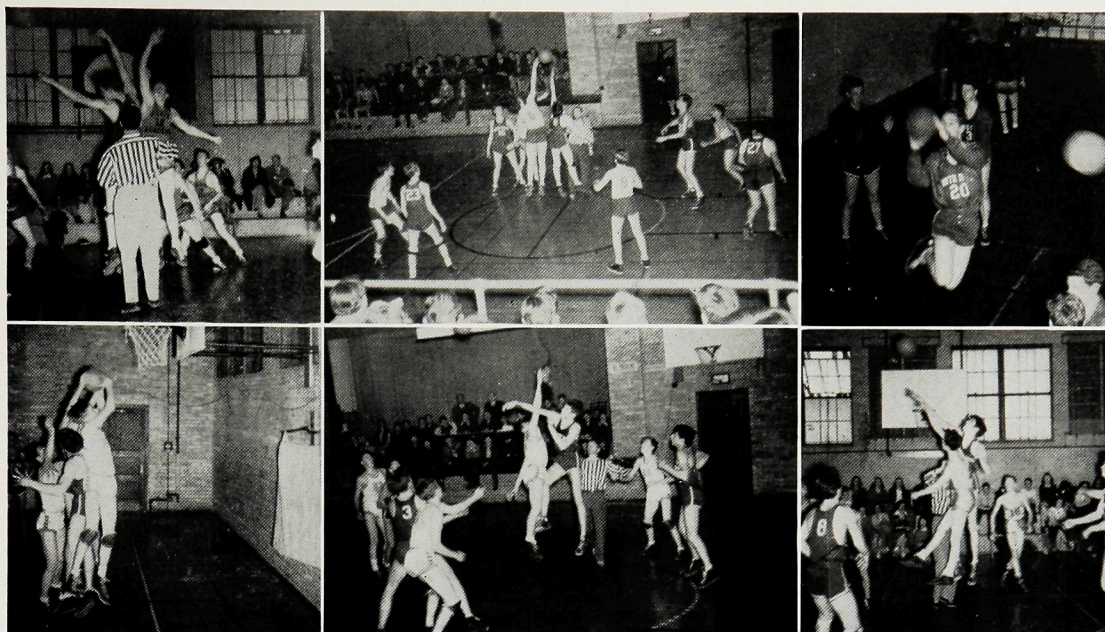
Everyone was looking forward to our games with Parker, a notoriously clever team, for North Shore had lost both its games to Parker the year before. Unfortunately, we were unable to play our first game with Parker because of a scarlet fever epidemic; however, the second game materialized, and North Shore won 40-38. It was a well played game, won in the last minutes by North Shore.

Statistics show the superiority of this year's team over past teams perhaps better than anything else. Many new scoring records were set by the team of '42. They

scored 413 points, a number far above that of any past team; two new individual records were also set. Bob Gordon's record of 123 points in a year, was topped in two instances, one with 126 points, and the other, with 141. The highest individual game record also was beaten. Formerly, 23 points, this year it was raised to 24. The team's point average was 34.5 points a game as compared to the opponents' 28.6.

Although the J.V.'s did not have a particularly successful season in terms of games won and lost, (they won 6 and lost 6) they did have a valuable season because of the experience gained. Many of this year's J. V.'s will be Varsity material next year, and most of the others need only another year of seasoning.

Next year should witness another fine season, for the team returns almost intact. Under the fine leadership of Coach Harritt and Buddy Wilson, the new captain, it should go on to greater achievements than ever.



	JUNIOR VARSITY	VARSITY
NORTH SHORE.....	17	43
LATIN.....	14	26
NORTH SHORE	26	29
WHEATON.....	33	21
NORTH SHORE.....	21	22
NORTHBROOK.....	12	23
NORTH SHORE.....	18	28
ELGIN.....	28	26
NORTH SHORE.....	17	15
MILWAUKEE.....	19	22
NORTH SHORE.....	32	51
LATIN.....	23	20
NORTH SHORE	24	30
HARVARD.....	35	37
NORTH SHORE	12	32
ELGIN.....	24	20
NORTH SHORE.....	25	36
NORTHBROOK	12	20
NORTH SHORE	21	38
HARVARD.....	19	49
NORTH SHORE.....	21	40
PARKER.....	15	38
NORTH SHORE	18	49
MILWAUKEE.....	43	42



BASEBALL

Early practice for this season's baseball schedule was begun immediately after the opera. At first, the high enthusiasm of the team was thwarted by the cold weather which permitted only a short workout in the gym. As it became warmer, the boys moved outside. Last year's team turned out intact except for three positions, those of first base and two fielders. The prospects this year, beside former team-mates, included many newcomers. As time was short, practice was quite often in the form of intersquad games. The early season training was augmented by several scrimmages with New Trier.

The Junior Varsity was often coached separately by Doc. Although they have had few games, the J. V.'s gathered plenty of experience. This is invaluable since they are the fellows who make up the future varsity. The

fact that they usually have so few games is one which everyone would like to see changed.

In those early days of practice, Coach Harritt introduced a new event to the afternoon's practice. That was the three to five turns around the field after each day's work. It was a coup de grace by the coach, but served as an excellent means for loosening muscles and strengthening endurance.

The co-captains, Dunny Smith and "Swish" Earle, saw their hopes and fears played out in the first game when Luther met us on our field. The game was much too similar to several games of the year before. Although North Shore out-hit their opponents, the game ended with a score of 7 to 5 for Luther. The loss of the game could be placed on sloppy fielding and the

old ailment, that of not hitting in the pinches.

The game with Luther marked the beginning of a new era in sports at North Shore. It was the first event that the school undertook in the Private School League. The question of whether or not to join the league has been a source of much comment for a

long time. The present season will prove interesting due to our now being part of that organization.

Despite the rather disheartening showing of the first test of the team, the confidence of all concerned has not been shaken. This year the "won" column will (we hope) overflow with the marks of victory.

North Shore 5

Luther 7

North Shore 9

Milwaukee 8

North Shore 8

U. High 5

North Shore 16

Elgin 3

North Shore 3

Concordia 6





HOCKEY

In the Fall, Hockey is the thing at North Shore. The girls spend every afternoon from the last hot days of September to the last chilly, dark days of November out on the field battling over a hockey ball. There are a few complaints, once in awhile, about staying too late, or being too stiff from yesterday's game to play today, but usually at quitting time the cry is, "Just one more goal, Mrs. G."

At the beginning of the 1941 season, pessimistic Mrs. Gleason said that she had doubts about the outcome of the year's games. All but two of her last year's team had graduated, and from the way things looked she didn't know where she'd get the other nine. Somehow, she managed to pull them out of the hat, and this year's "11" made her eat her words. They didn't let the fastest Milwaukee halfback or the biggest Roycemore full-back stop them on their unimpeded march to the cage. Were they aggressive? Just ask the teams they played.

The first game was with Kemper Hall. Since our team was yet untried, the North Shore girls, with empty feelings in their stomachs, and shivers down their spines, watched Kemper's team bound out of the bus and take its place on the field. Nevertheless, the game started off with a bang, and during the first half, our girls had Kemper on the run. In the second half, success went to their heads, and their opponents managed to bag two goals before North Shore realized what was going on. In spite of this setback our team pulled out a 3 to 2 victory.

In the Roycemore and Latin games, North Shore, proving to be superior in technique and teamwork, ran up high scores and was unscored upon. Since the players had profited by mistakes made in the first game, there was no letting up after the first half, and the defensive players weren't so polite about letting the other team keep the ball.

The Milwaukee game was anticipated as



JUNIOR VARSITY

a real test of North Shore's skill because there had been no game with them the year before and because Milwaukee Downer was known to be a scrappy team. They lived up to their reputation; when they made a speedy goal a few seconds after the starting whistle, the hearts of the North Shore girls sank, and things looked gloomy. However, the girls came right back at Milwaukee, and amid cheers led by the famous Senior boy cheer leaders, they piled up a lead. At the end they came out undefeated both for that game and for the entire season.

Usually, hockey is not the kind of game in which it is possible to run up high scores. However, this year's varsity made history. Their total points amounted to twenty goals, or more than twice the total for previous years.

The second team showed good defensive power, but, to quote Mrs. Gleason, "You can't score by defensive playing, no matter how powerful it is." They lacked the aggressiveness to push through their oppo-

nents in order to score the all-important goals. Since this fault is one which can be cured by some concentrated effort, and since there is good material in the second team, the 1942 season promises to be a good one.

The third and fourth teams, as well as the Middle School teams, upheld North Shore's good standing, playing six games altogether and losing only one.

Five years from now as the members of the squad look back on the Fall of 1941, they may not remember the times that they would have preferred shopping to a hockey scrimmage, the days it rained on them, or the days when they shivered with cold out on the field. They may not remember how many goals were scored or who the flashy players were that scored them. They won't forget, though, the feeling that comes with success, or the satisfaction of knowing they helped toward that success, nor will they forget the leadership of the captain, Marge Otter, or the dependability of the manager, Connie Wallace.

B Squad



1st Middle School

North Shore..... 8

Latin..... 0



2nd Middle School

North Shore..... 5

Latin..... 0



	1st Team	2nd Team	3rd Team	4th Team
North Shore.....	3	1		
Kemper.....	2	4		
North Shore.....	4	3	3	1
Roycemore.....	0	0	0	3
North Shore.....	7	0	8	5
Latin.....	0	1	0	0
North Shore.....	6	1		
Milwaukee.....	2	2		





GIRLS' BASKETBALL

After surviving many days of muscle building battles on the basketball floor, after enduring pain in the form of bruises, scratches and bashed noses, and after consuming great quantities of graham crackers and milk, the girls' basketball teams finally attained some glory for the first time in many years.

Since the first game took place on Latin's floor, our girls were at a great disadvantage. The Latin gym is much smaller than ours. The walls are covered with exercise bars, and a balcony which overhangs the baskets makes long shots impossible. The Latin girls were very fast and they had several plays which were so effective that they had a discouraging lead after the first quarter. After that, our team, having become accustomed to the gym, pulled itself together and, at the half, was trailing by only two points. In the second half North Shore's girls displayed spectacular coordination and teamwork; at the end of a fast, exciting game, in which the team overcame real obstacles, they broke the jinx of the Latin gym with a score of 29-21.

The second team didn't fare as well as the varsity. They didn't begin to get going until it was too late. They tried hard, but the Latin team was a difficult one to beat. The score was 16-30.

North Shore cleaned up on Roycemore to the tune of 42-15 for the 1st team, and 44-24 for the 2nd team.

In games with Lake Forest the Freshmen lost with a score of 4-16, but the Middle School won 30-16.

Since there has been enough said about how the girls mopped up the floor with the boys in their annual game, it is well to pass over that lightly. It's too bad Mrs. Gleason lost that bet, though. There has been enough said, too, about how the Juniors beat the Seniors, and how the Sophomores defeated the Juniors in the interclass tournament.

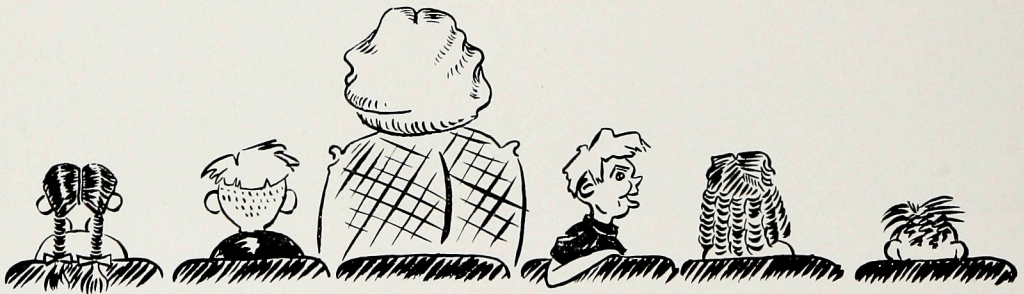
This season, with Diana Hawkes as captain, was one which North Shore can be proud of. May it be the start of a succession of undefeated years.



SPORTS SNAPS



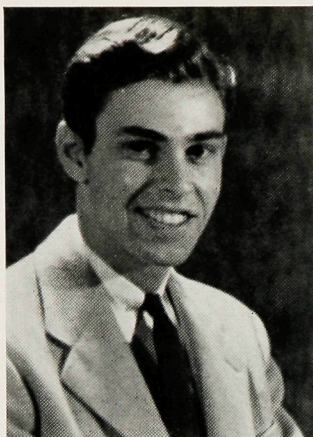
THE ANIMALS U
HOORAH - HOC
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THE ELEPHANT
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FOR TO GET O!



HIGH SCHOOL

SENIORS





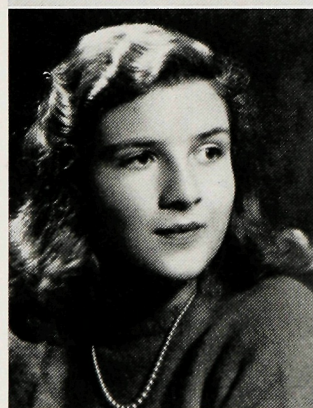
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Wisconsin



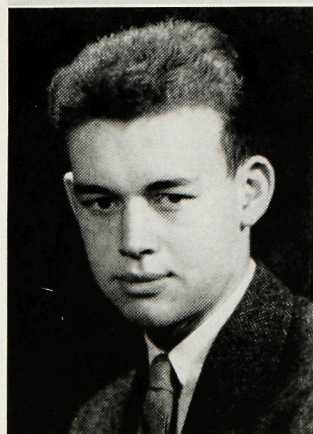
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Sarah Lawrence



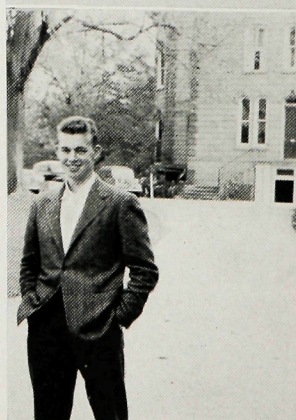
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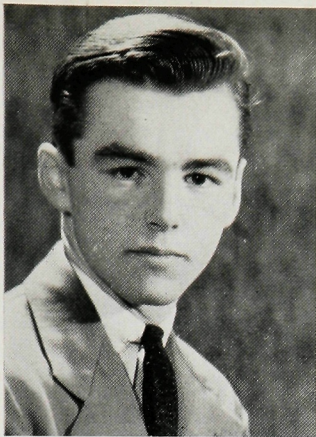
Bennington



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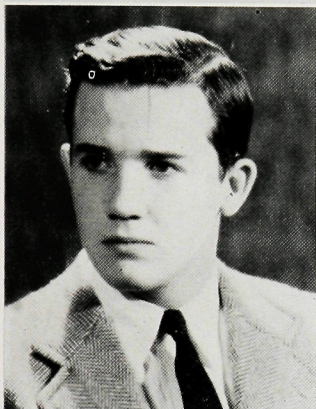
Yale





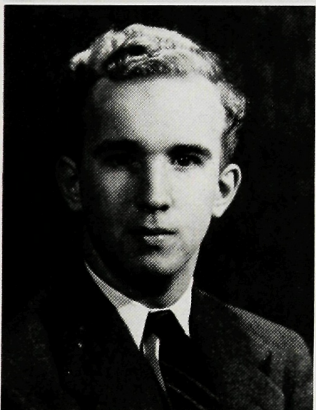
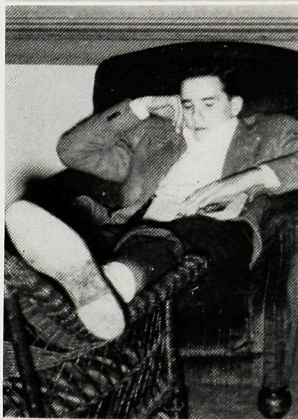
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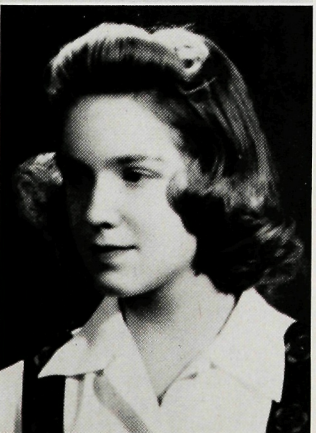
JAMES CONNERY FALLON

Yale



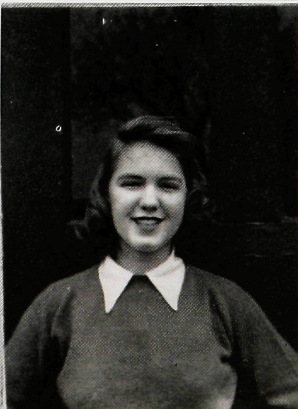
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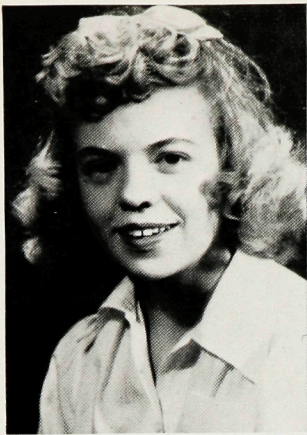
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DIANA HAWKES

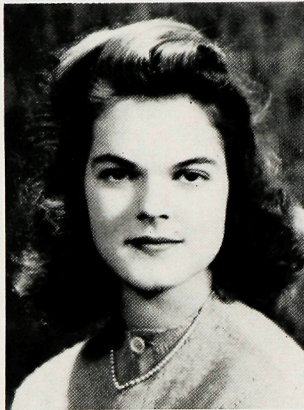
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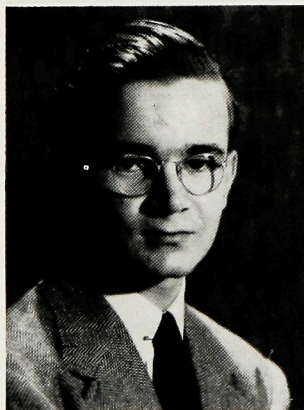
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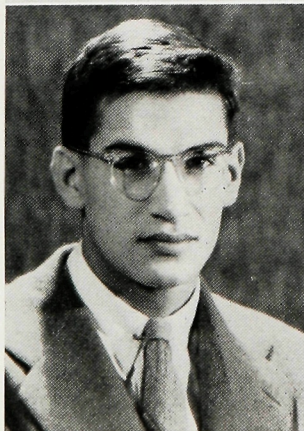
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Finch



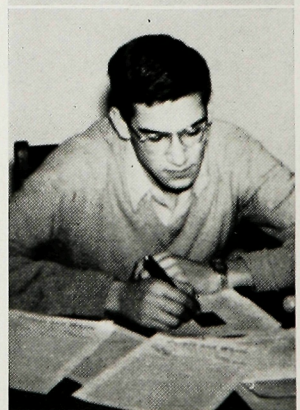
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Williams



JOSEPH E. NATHAN

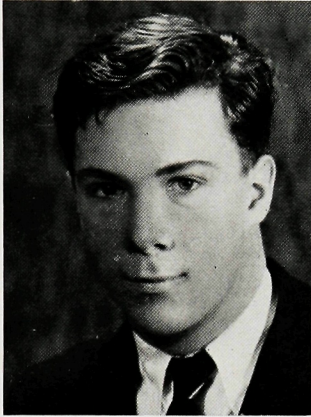
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JEAN FREILER

Connecticut



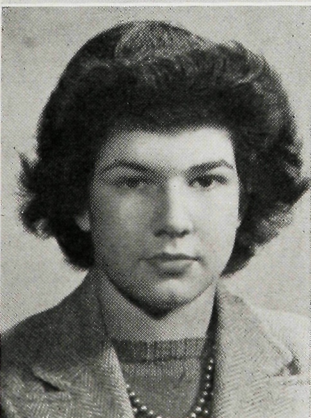
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Harvard



EUGENIA GIBSON LYNDE

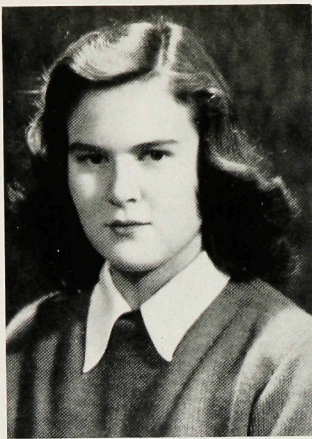
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SHIRLEY MAYER

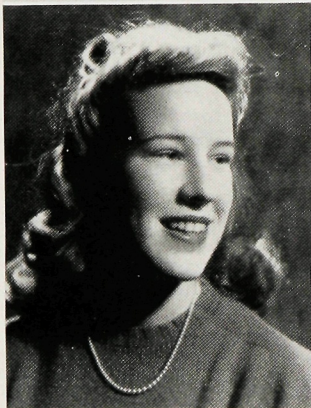
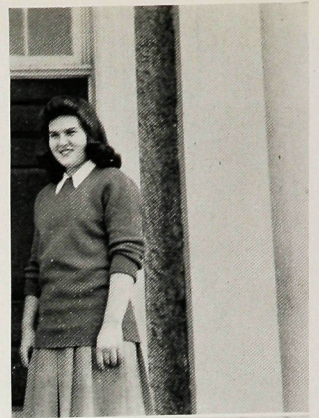
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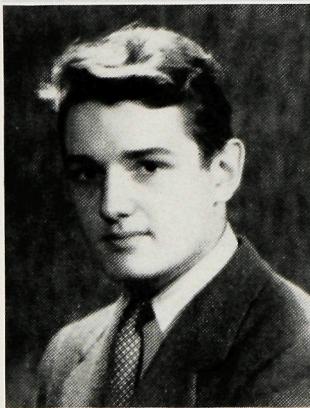
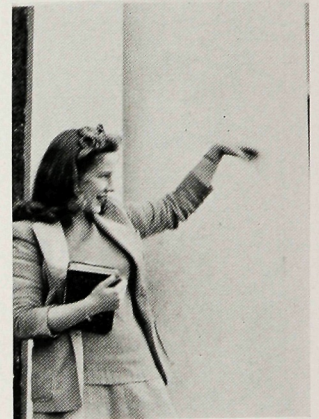
MARGARET OTTER

Smith



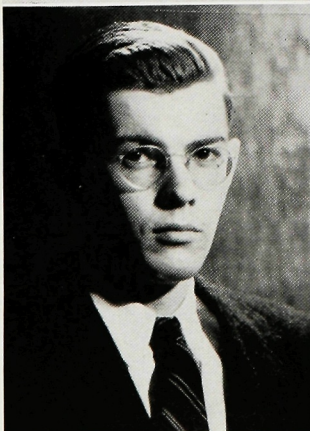
DOREND A PENFIELD

Bradford



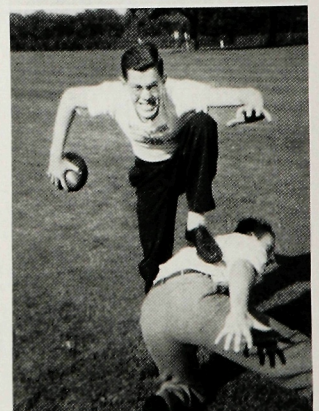
RICHARD K. STARR

Oberlin



KARL WAGNER

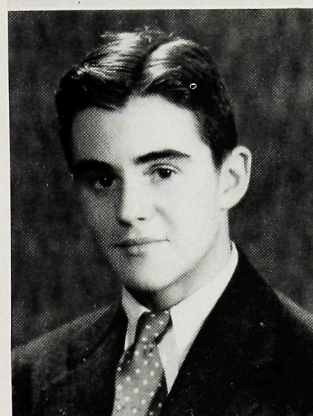
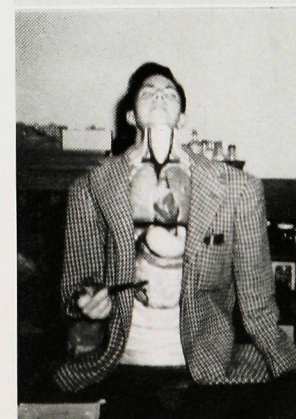
Harvard





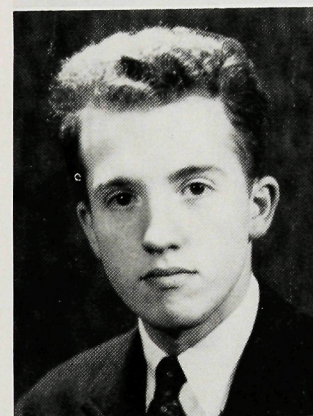
CORNELIA CORWIN
WALLACE

Wells



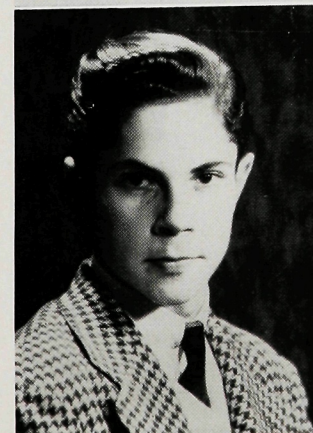
BRENTON POMEROY
WASHBURNE

Williams



JOHN R. YEOMANS

Oberlin



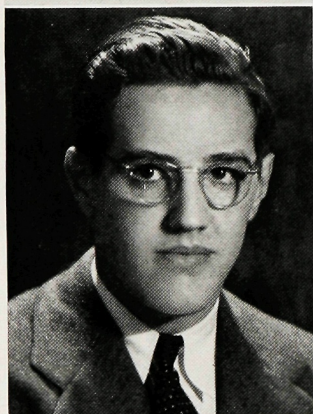
WILLIAM BYFORD
TAYLOR III

Williams



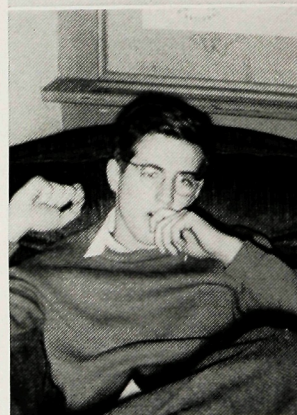
BARBARA ANDERSON

Art Institute



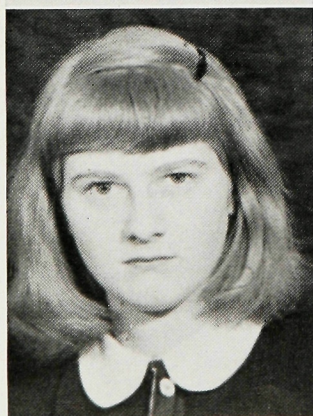
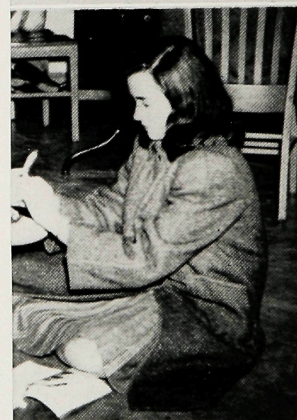
ROBERT H. McCULLOCH

Denison



ELIZABETH DELESCAILLE

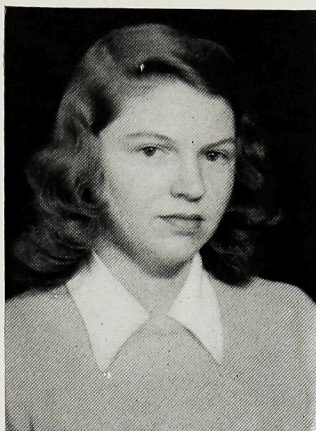
Sarah Lawrence



ANNE HARDY

Mount Vernon





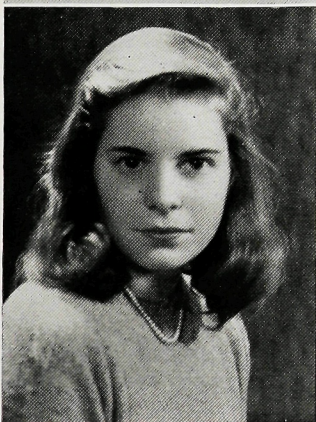
MARY ELIZABETH PRICE

Smith



JOAN KOSTBADE

Bradford



MARY ELEANOR METCALF

Bradford



THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

- or -

DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU!!

According to Madame La Zonga, as she sees the senior class ten years from now, we are in for some shocks and surprises. This is the lowdown exactly as she told me, and her crystal ball is the source, not me.

She told me that she could very clearly see Connie Wallace taking care of her cats and dogs, and Dunny Smith taking care of Connie. Joan Benjamin, after getting such a fine start in basketball at North Shore, has at last mastered the game and is teaching it at a high school in Xingabru. Shirley Mayer married a cowboy, who couldn't afford to give her cigarette money, and the Madame tells me that she is planning to run the "Fallen Timber Girls' Camp" this summer.

The news was getting better and better, and I was getting more and more curious. "What happened to Eugenia Lynde?" I asked.

"That's confidential," the Madame whispered, "but she is a spy for Naval Intelligence. She can certainly keep a secret." Also in the military line, she saw Joe Nathan stationed at Little America, and John Yeomans winning the Congressional Medal for sighting a Japanese army swimming off Key West, trying to invade Florida. Karl Wagner and some man named Roosevelt are fighting for the presidency. Bill Boyd is seeking a parole; you remember that he shot a photographer named Salerno. Bob McCulloch is doing time with him; Bob held Salerno so that Bill could shoot him. Bill Taylor is living in India, because harems aren't allowed in this country. Sam Earle is still a jerk (soda).

"What's happening to some of the girls?" I asked.

"Well," she said, "Ellie Metcalf, the model housewife, is running for president of the Winnetka Weeders. Pat Law is still as

happy as ever, and Marie gives lessons in Greek poise to rich women. Jim Green has married up with some mid-Western gal. Jean Freiler and Diana Hawkes are collaborating on a book, 'A line a Day Diary of World History', they have now reached Volume LXXXVII, the Crusades. Joya is a trapeze artist with Ringling Brothers Barnum & Bailey. And, speaking of artists, Dick Starr's talents have gotten him a job decorating French pastry and writing 'Happy Birthday' on cakes!"

The Madame looked at the amazed expression on my face, and told me there was still more to come. Dodo Penfield has taken over the Singing Lady's job, and Brent Washburne has replaced Don Wilson on Jack Benny's show. Barbara Anderson has just signed her third movie contract, and a certain Mr. T. Brown is building her up as a second Veronica Lake. Liz Price is the star vocalist of an all girl orchestra playing at the Aragon on Thursday nights. Sammy Lynde couldn't get over "Xingabru", and when last heard from was exploring Darkest Africa in search of the jungle belles. Jim Fallon is now king of the rackets. He rides around in a big black limousine, smoking big black cigars, and protected by big black bodyguards with big black tommy guns.

Marge Otter plays the bagpipes on the "Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street" program. Anne Hardy ended by marrying her boss; and Joan Kostbade, the hit of the hot spots, has Carmen Miranda backed against the wall. Bob Adler isn't on the ball (the crystal ball) so he probably ended on Mars. Betty Delescaille, realizing her great ambition, has christened a battleship, and is still a Junior Leaguer.

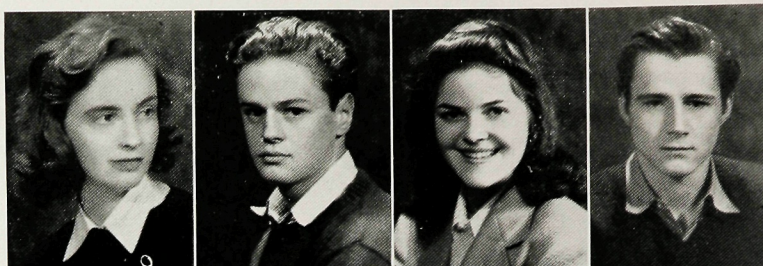
If you don't believe this, just wait. Time will tell!!!!

CLASS WILL

We, the Senior Class of 1942, being of sound minds and memories, do for the purpose of making a complete disposition of our entire estates, real, personal, and mixed, including any property over which we may have any power of appointment, to take effect at our graduation, make, publish and declare this to be our last will and testament, hereby revoking any former wills at anytime heretofore made by us.

A copy of Mein Kampf to the Juniors.
The Senior Boys' old shoes to the lunch room for next year's hamburgers.
The Senior Girls' love to Stephen Duff.
To next year's Mirror Board a bottle of aspirin.
Barbara—her graceful walk to "Tiger" Garrison.
Bob A.—his shorn locks to Danny.
Benjy—her neatness to Cy.
Joya—Some flesh to the skeleton in the Biology lab.
Betty—Her Princeton man to True Stories.
Swish and Bill—an open field to the Sophomore boys.
Fally—His physique to Davy Shapiro.
Jean—Her sarong to Schiaparelli.
Jimmy—the Nash to Dar Curtiss for scrap.
Ann—her "bracelets" to J. Edgar Hoover.
Diane—her wrestling trophies to the Angel.
Marie—her white sweater to Eunice.
Koppy—what's left of the Plymouth to Nancy.
Pat—her attendance record to Mr. Carpenter.
Eugenia—her temper to Mr. Duff.
Sammy—the Purp room to Bobby Taylor.
Shirley—her heart to Gene Autry.
Mac—the stage equipment to the Smithsonian Institute.
Elly—her "C. B." to the Mayo clinic.
Starr—a copy of Joe Miller's joke book to Billy Rollins.
Joe—his school spirit to Bob Johnson.
Marge—her nether extremities to Steinway & Company.
Liz—her Oak Park boys to the jackals.
Connie and Dunny—their pigeons to the Alten Mortuary.
Bill T.—an aard-vark to the lunchroom to eat the leftover hamburgers.
Skippy—his posture to Sue Frank.
Brenton Pomeroy—a well polished apple to Eleanor Wilson.
John Yeomans—his gossip to the Purp.
Dodo—leaves the room.

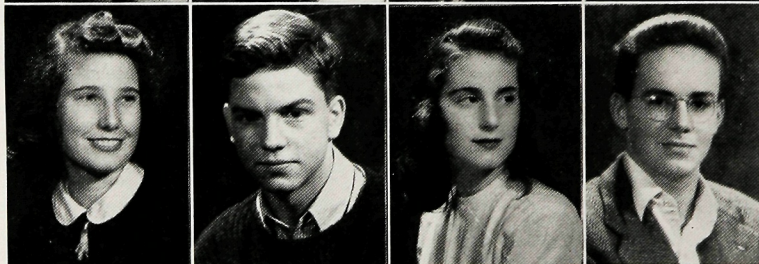
JOYCE BERRY
HILL BLACKETT
GWEN BINGHAM
PEPPER BOSWORTH



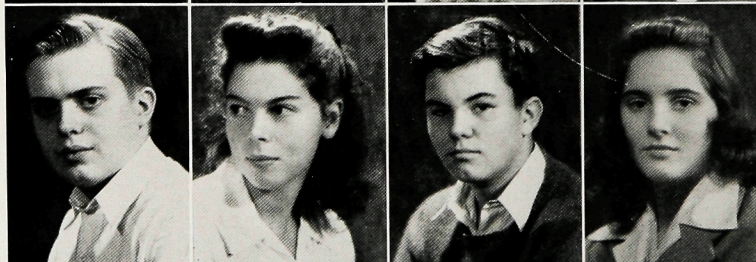
KENDALL COX
NANCY BROCK
CLEM CUMMINGS
DIANE HOLLIDAY



ANN GREGORY
GEORGE GORDON
SUE FRANK
JOHN GALLOWAY



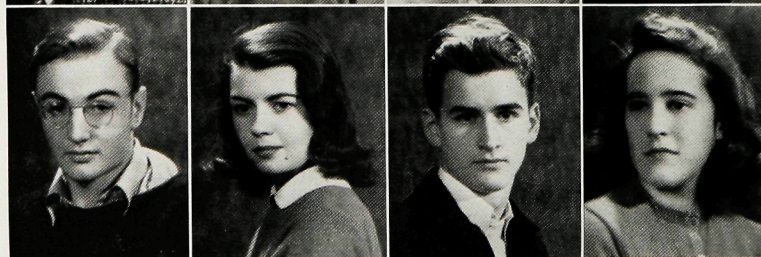
JOHN HALL
JANET JONES
CHUCK HOWARD
NANCY KOSTBADE



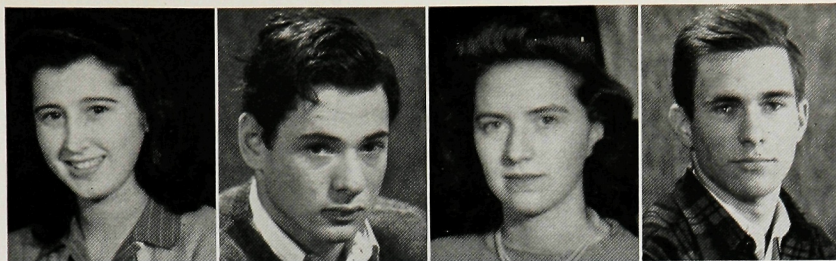
H. KULTCHAR
JIM HUNT
DODIE LAW
BILL JACOBS



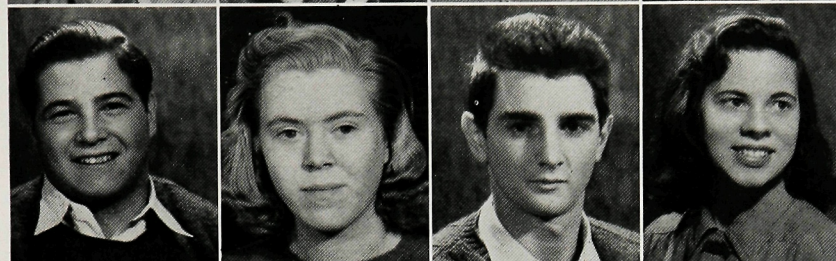
JOHN JAMESON
JOAN MONROE
BOB JOHNSON
V. PENFIELD



CLASS OF 1943



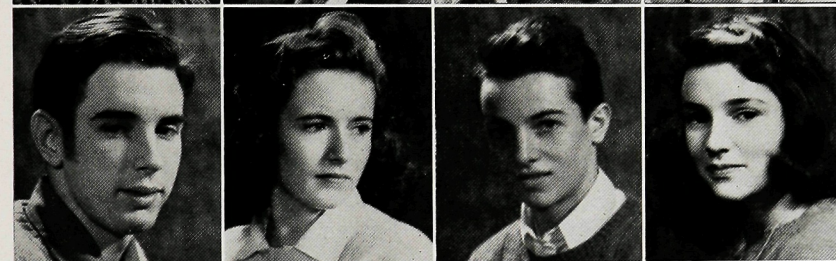
EVELYN ALLEN
ED KUH
A. ANDERSON
C. SMITH



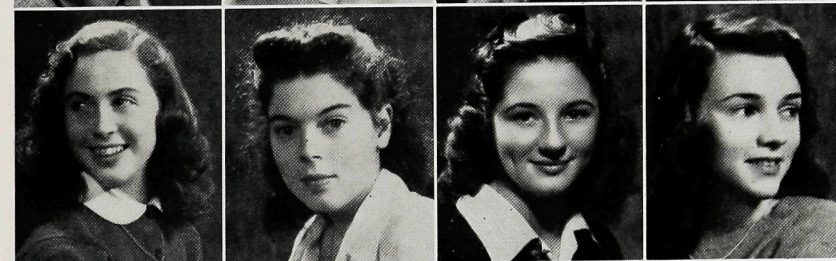
BILL SPIEGEL
HELEN BROWN
JOE SPARROW
P. PETTIBONE



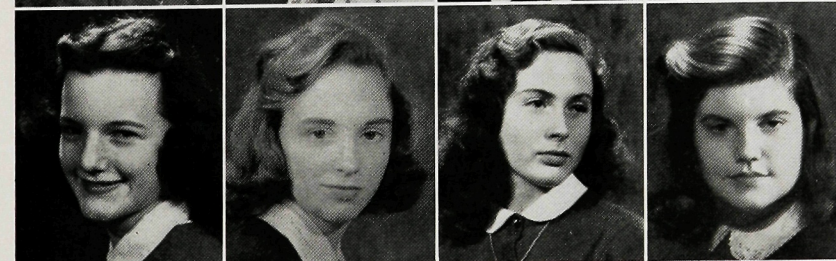
I. SCHULZE
DAVID STRONG
HELEN RODGER
BOB TAYLOR



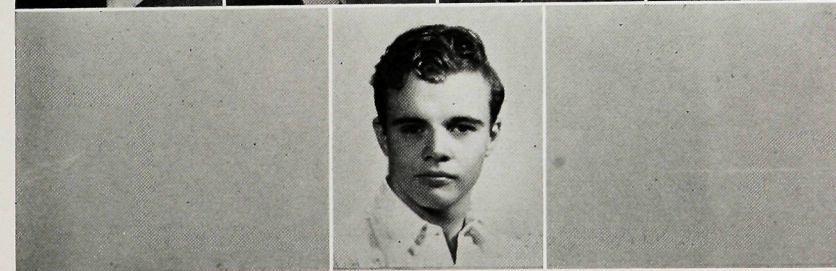
P. WILLIAMS
A. SELFRIDGE
BUD WILSON
HELEN SHUMAN



SUE SPITZ
JANET JONES
NANCY SPRING
HELEN SHUMAN



ANN WILCOX
JOYCE BERRY
SUE SPITZ
K. WOLCOTT



C. BENTLEY

JUNIORS

What is that swelling, rumbling roar
That strange vibration of the floor?
What are those shouts, those loud footfalls
That echo through old Dunlap's halls?
Now don't be frightened, all you chaps,
It's just us Juniors, not the Japs.

For we are a lively bunch
As anyone can see.
We pack a mighty punch
And we're full of bel-esprit.

Now don't be frightened, we won't bite
You'll really find us quite polite.
Though we sometimes get things in a mess,
We come through all right — we guess.
We try to do our very best
And what we do, we do with zest.

For we are a lively bunch
As anyone can see.
We pack a mighty punch
And we're full of bel-esprit.

We point with pride to our fine athletes.
We point with pride to their many feats
We try to make our stage dramatic
And make our government democratic.
We try to bring our school renown
And what we do, we do up brown.

For we are a lively bunch
As anyone can see.
We pack a mighty punch
And we're full of bel-esprit.

SOPHOMORES

Once there was a class of boys and girls who had more of themselves in late
study than all the rest of the high school put together,
But they didn't mind because they thought it made their class look distinctive
which made the faculty feel slightly under the weather
which pleased the class very much
so they got themselves into more dutch
By dumping bags full of water on the senior girls
which made the senior girls lose their beaux and permanent curls!
And then one of their math teachers lost his hat and coat
But he was smart and suspected a certain class of felony, mainly the class
about which this poem has been wrote!
But before he could get back his coat and hat
He got a whopper of a cold and lost his voice on top of that!

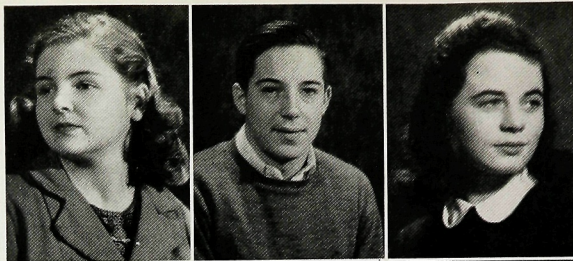
En masse
What a class
They have their angelic features too
At least I hope so but I haven't seen many, have you?
Oh, yes! The school spirit of this class is a spirit that
binds them all so that when they
intend to raise the dead by taking
a window and breaking it
They think first, how will Mr. Smith be taking it?
And if they don't think he'll take it
Why they just don't break it.

By this time you, the reader, must be wondering who
in —— I'm talking about; but forget
your implores
Because those of you who have guessed are probably
right; Sophomores!

N. ANDERSON

TED ADAMS

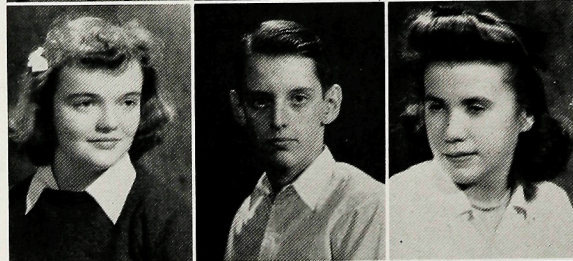
V. BENSINGER



ALICE BENTLEY

DICK BATTEN

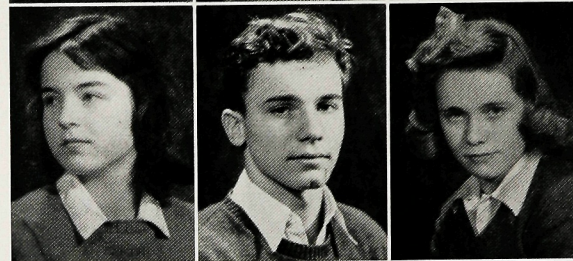
B. BURNETT



BLAIR BUTLER

DERRY BOYD

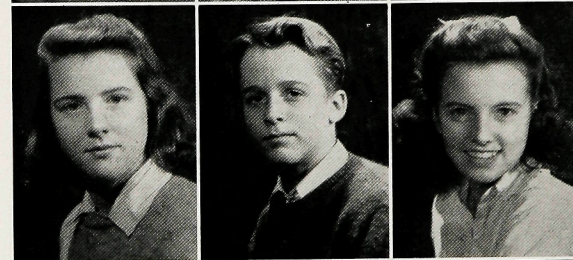
ALICE BUTZ



A. CARPENTER

DENNY BOYD

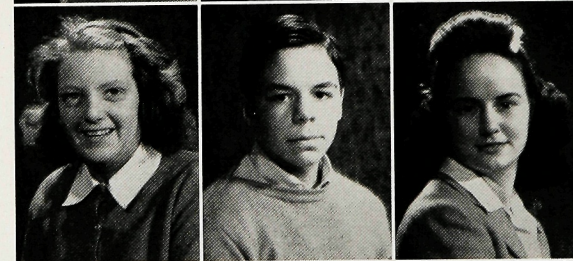
SALLY KRAFT



NANCY DICK

F. BURNHAM

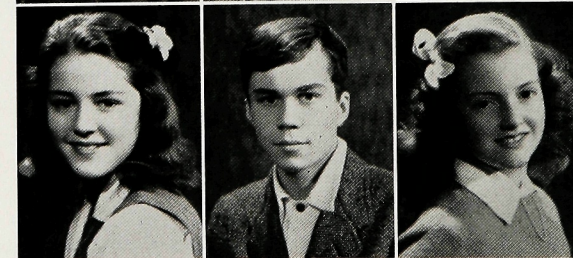
M. GALLOWAY



E. GARRISON

B. CARPENTER

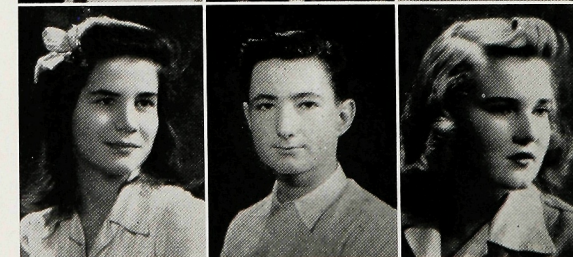
C. HANNAFORD



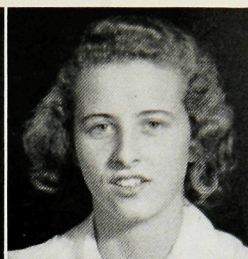
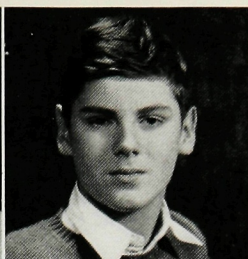
L. KIMBALL

D. CURTISS

MARGERY LLOYD



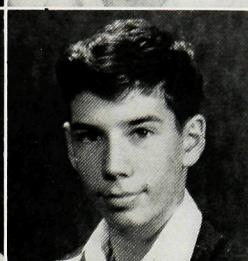
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C. HALSTEAD

F. FISHER

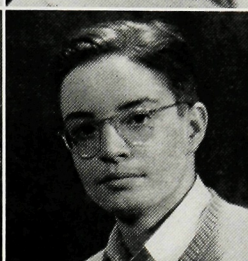
I. LINDSAY



BILL GALE

M. LOOMIS

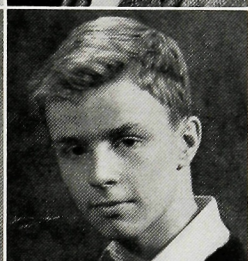
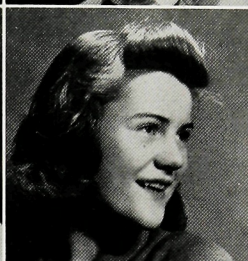
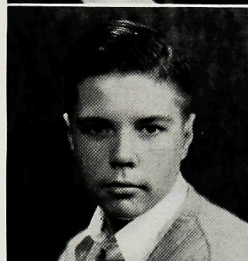
DICK GOLDEN



M. MACFARLAND

M. HOSIER

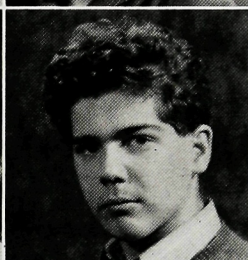
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J. MAYNARD

M. SCRIBNER

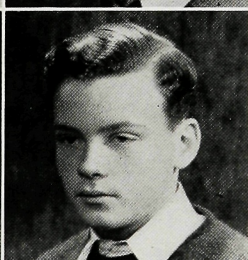
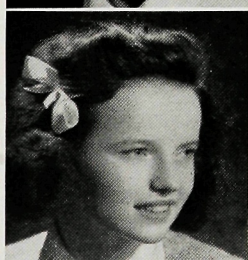
S. PORTER



POSY WELSH

B. ROLLINS

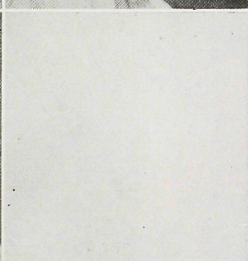
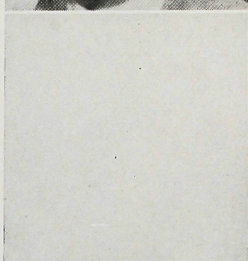
ANNE MAGRATH



E. WILSON

B. WILLIAMS

C. YEOMANS



I. WILCOX

D. AUSTIN

B. BALLARD

ALICE BARNES

F. BURLINGHAM

B. FALLON

T. ELLIS

M. FREILER

G. FISHER

M. FRIEDLICH

S. GORDON

M. HOOKER

IAN HODGSON

J. LAKIN

MORTON HULL

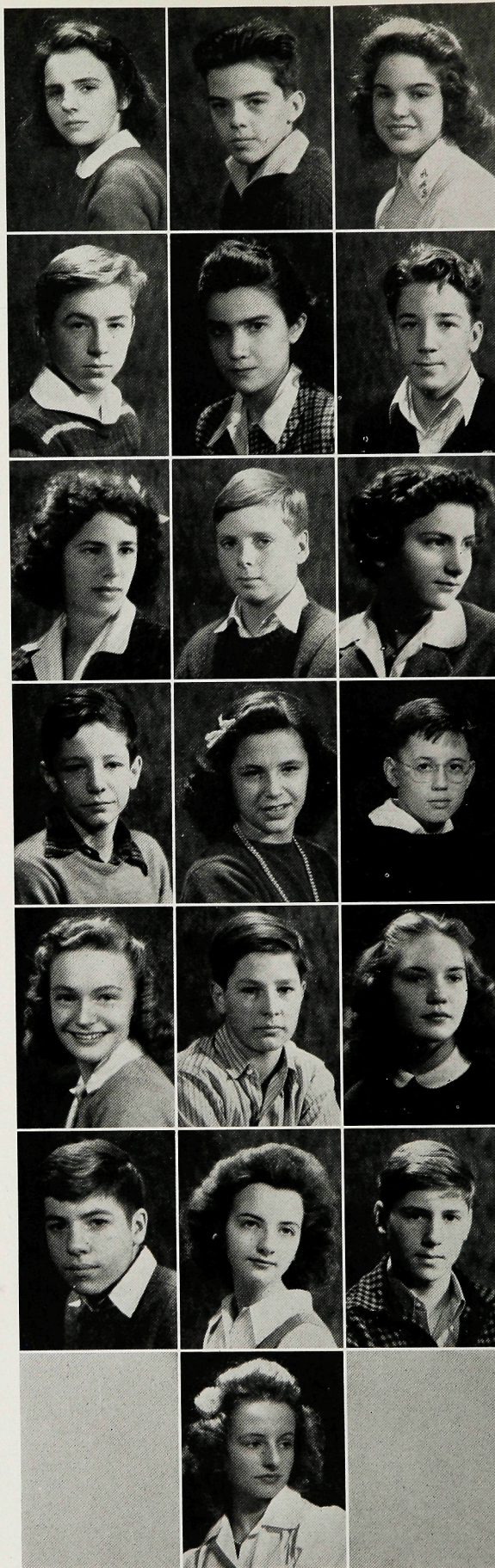
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D. JENNER

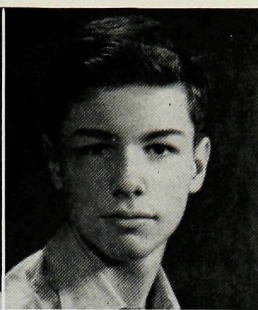
B. LINDOP

F. MACY

M. LOOMIS



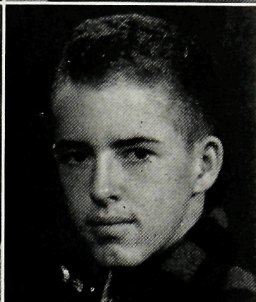
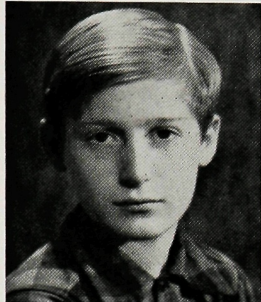
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N. LOURIE

BAIN MURRAY

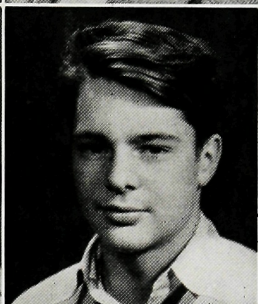
S. MASON



D. SHAPIRO

ANN MAYER

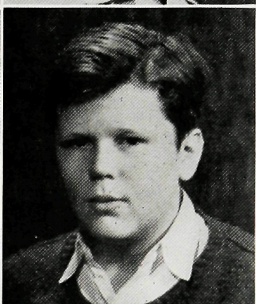
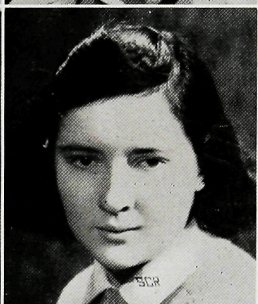
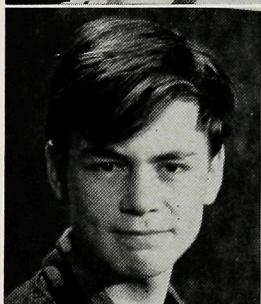
MIKE SHAW



H. PLOTKIN

R. STERN

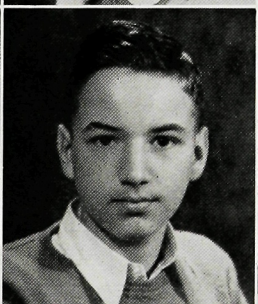
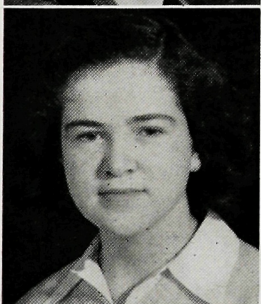
P. PLUMMER



R. TOLMAN

S. ROBINSON

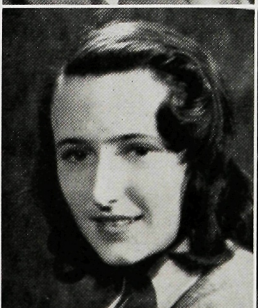
TIM WALLACE



B. RYCROFT

D. WARD

E. SELFRIDGE



B. SMITH

B. SPIEGEL

A. HENDERSON

FRESHMEN

Well, here we are another class
Of humble freshmen, lad and lass.
Although we're slaves to upper classmen,
We never dare talk back or sass 'em,
But *we* look forward to the day
When *we* will always have *our* way.

Our achievements many through the year
We will relate them to you here.
The freshmen girls did quite a skit
At Halloween, you must admit.
The freshmen boys not opera wise
Did very well, to our surprise.

In the Christmas play we did our best
According to Parents and the rest,
And in sports we tried with all our might
To bring honor to the purple and white.
Through the years we'll look back, and come
 what may
We'll remember freshmen year at
 Country Day.





EIGHTH GRADE

Our grade lives in expectant fear
Of what we'll have to do next year.
In study hall the rule is quiet,
But what we like is a great big riot.
In Art we talk about our sports,
In Math we talk about reports.
In English our discussion swings
To far-away and far-off things.
In sports we really do excell,
As long as Dain and Sue are well.
We think that we'll be able to pass,
'Cause after all we're a pretty good class.
We hope that we will correct our faults
Before our life in Middle school halts
We hope that you will soon approve
Of our fit in the freshman groove.



SEVENTH GRADE

These verses show the way we feel
So here we go, and please don't squeal.

No malice meant, of that we're sure;
These lines are filled with virtue pure.

Graduated from three-cornered pants,
The kindergarten is beginning to prance.

The First Grade is so very new,
That we cannot write much for you.

The Second Grade is beginning to read,
And boasts with joy of B. C. D's.

The Third Grade is so very gentle,
Whoops! Lookout! the clock on the "mentle."

The Fourth Grade we would like to tease,
But then they might let out their Bees.

The Fifth Grade leads the Lower school,
But wait until they're 'neath our rule.

The Sixth Grade loves to chase the girls
And pull their lovely, golden curls.

The people in the Seventh Grade
Are slightly nutty I'm afraid.

But good Thanksgiving came around;
We weren't so dumb the people found,

And Toyshop was left in our hand.
We went to work to beat the band.

I guess we're not so bad at all
As the middle grade in Eliot Hall.

The Eighth Grade led us through this year,
We send them on with one big cheer.

The Ninth Grade is the downtrod bunch,
Always get in late for lunch.

The Sophomores are in the middle,
Left with only thumbs to twiddle.

The Juniors always try to "fake"
What good Seniors they will make.

The Seniors are an excellent crowd,
Let's give them a cheer, and make it loud.



SIXTH GRADE

C-Y collects horses,
 Kay's collecting dogs,
 Peter our scientist
 Experiments with frogs!
 Bev and Holly batting
 Are funny to see!
 But David runs the fastest
 I think you'll all agree!
 Do we need an inspector,
 For Monte, the junk collector?
 We will for Eunie, for her ground
 Seems to be the "Lost and Found!"
 But we have others of interest too!
 Like our committeeman, Sue!

Bob is my name,
 Of '400' fame!
 I rode in the cab,
 Which made me quite glad!
 Pick, Wadsworth, and Anderson,
 Pee, double you, and ay, (P W A)
 Have helped to make a swell sixth grade.
 We're very glad to say!
 Janet is our poet,
 Altho' she may not know it!
 Every one has written
 About you and even me,
 But I think some one
 Ought to write
 About our 'Dear Mr. G.'



FIFTH GRADE

The fifth grade boys they ditch the room,
 And Mr. Telling does not know whom.
 We don't like arithmetic
 So we always wish we're sick;
 Everyone likes art and shop
 And when we're there we hate to stop.
 Instead of playing basketball,
 We play catch in the hall
 Or go outside and climb the trees
 And luckily we're not stung by bees.

The fifth grade girls are very good;
 We do everything we should.
 We work and laugh and play all day
 But always, always get our way.
 Our day starts out with English,
 You ought to hear our slang,
 Even Mr. Telling says it has a tangy twang.
 Next geography, Lewis and Clark,
 When we're through, we all sing like a lark;
 Then play with soccer baseball
 Finally spelling, and that is all.



FOURTH GRADE

WHAT I AM GRATEFUL FOR:

For my mother and father and my friends,
For trees and beautiful grass,
For beautiful streams and sky,
We thank Thee Father in Heaven.

For toys we use in play,
For sun that shines in our eyes,
For flowers that cheer the sick,
For cars that take us everywhere
We thank Thee Father in Heaven.

For our free nation,
For our school where we go to learn
For paper that we write on
For picture books and crayons
For the many pencils we write with
We thank Thee Father in Heaven.

A HUMMING BIRD

Hum, hum, hum,
The little bird goes.
Your wings go so fast they
look like mist.
You love red flowers
But do not mind rain showers
You are a quaint little bird
That stands in the air
And everyone wants you in
their garden.

THIS YEAR

I think we have learned a lot about America this year. When Columbus reached America he thought he had reached India. He saw all the brown men so he called them Indians. I like having a free country. This is an important saying, "United we stand, divided we fall." I hope we can learn more about America next year.



THIRD GRADE

We had Nature Walks in the Fall. We found leaves. At the end of every block we stopped and looked at them and talked about them. They were all colors. This Spring they are all green. We collected seeds, too.

One day we saw a big spider on a bush. It was spinning a big web. The next day some girls brought the spider to school in a glass jar.

We studied Weather. One morning the sky was very cloudy. The clouds were very dark. Then the sun came out and somehow or other the sky got all blue and the clouds got white.

One day we noticed that the wind was blowing the snow all over the roof of the Middle School Building. It was blowing around and around like a whirlpool. The wind is powerful. You can't tell what it is but it is everywhere.

One day we saw the sun and the moon in the sky. The clouds moved and it looked

like the sun and the moon were moving.

We studied Science. Roy brought a thermometer to our room. One day we put it in Miss Fullerton's desk. It was seventy-two degrees. Then we held onto the red bulb with our hands and the temperature was about ninety degrees. Next we put it on the window sill in the sunlight and the red part went up to one hundred and one degrees. Francis and Leslie put some ice cubes on the red bulb and the red part went down real fast to about thirty-two degrees.

Penny brought an aquarium to our room. Mrs. Robinson gave us two little goldfish. Miss Fullerton brought a black and yellow goldfish. Peggy brought a big goldfish.

One day we saw some rainbow colors on the window sill near the aquarium. We know that the sunlight looks like just plain light. When it went through water in the bowl it broke into the rainbow colors and was reflected onto the window sill.



SECOND GRADE

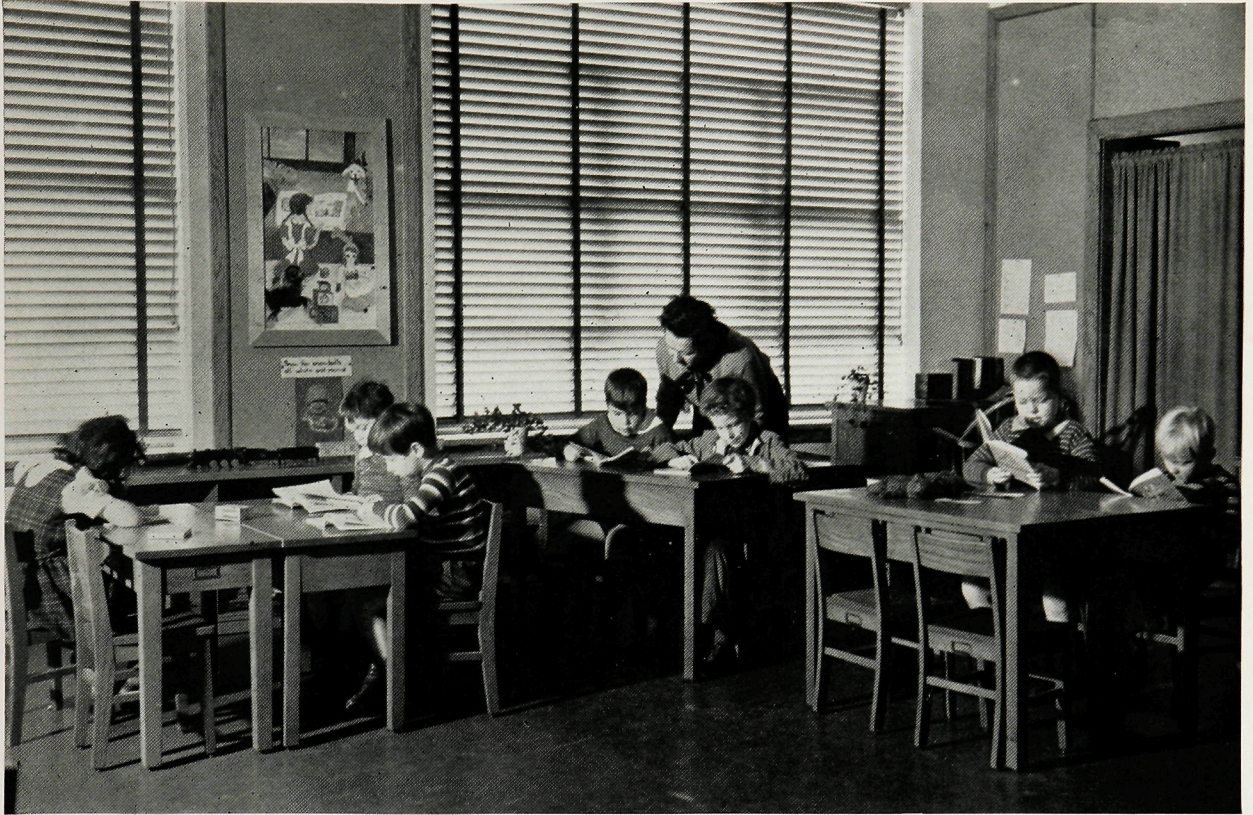
OUR TOY STORE

Last fall we made a lot of toys in our work periods. We made airplanes, boats, dolls, doll furniture, kites, wagons, carts, anchors, paper holders and cannons.

Then we decided to have a Toy Store to put them in. We wouldn't have any toys in it unless we had made them. So we all brought orange crates to build it with. We brought twenty-five of them. Then we started the store. We experimented with the boxes a long time. We arranged them many different ways. When we found the way we liked best, we nailed the boxes together. We braced the outside with heavy boards. We made the roof out of plaster board. It came to us in two big pieces. We had to measure it and saw it so that it would

be just the right size. Then we covered the outside of the store with brown paper. Jo Jo made a sign for us. He put pictures of toys on it. In the middle he wrote "Toy Store." We tacked it up over the door of the store. Jamie brought some pretty wall paper for the shelves. We measured it so it would fit. Then we cut it out and pasted it inside the shelves.

Then we put the toys in the shelves. It looked so nice. George brought a cash register. We got some play money. We had pennies, nickels and dimes. Then we played store. We took turns being storekeeper. Each of us had thirty cents at a time. We all brought pocketbooks to keep our money in. We had houses and families when we played. We have had lots of fun.



FIRST GRADE

We went to the kindergarten garden to
get some soil. We wanted to plant nastur-
tium seeds. When the nasturtiums are two
inches tall we are going to transplant them.
Then we will take them home to our mothers
for Mothers' Day.

Two little birds
Sitting in a tree
Planning their nest
Happy as can be.

Two little birds
Singing to me
Building their nest
In the cherry tree.

WE WORK AND PLAY

We read at school.
Gail reads.
John reads.
David reads.
We all read at school.

We paint at school.
Roddy paints.
Jamie paints.
Tom paints.
We all paint at school

We write at school.
Lesley writes.
Donald writes.
Danny writes.
We all write at school.

We all work and play.

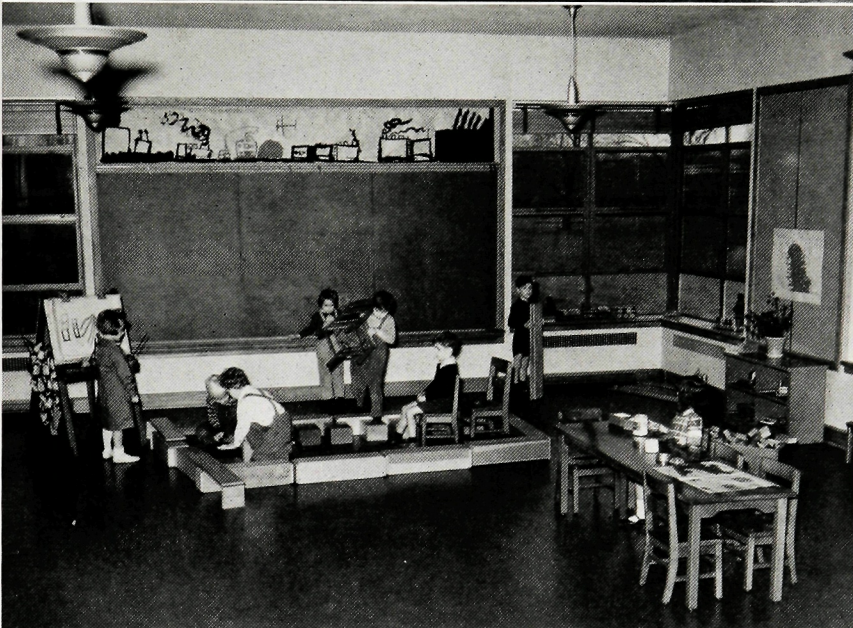


KINDERGARTEN

We have three kittens and a mother cat. The mother's name is Miss Boo. The babies are called Smudge, Spotty and Tigger.

Miss Boo rolls our crayons around the floor. She watches our goldfish. She played with our turtles. She played with our crawfish. She calls her babies. She washes her babies. She feeds her babies. She drove a dog out of our room.

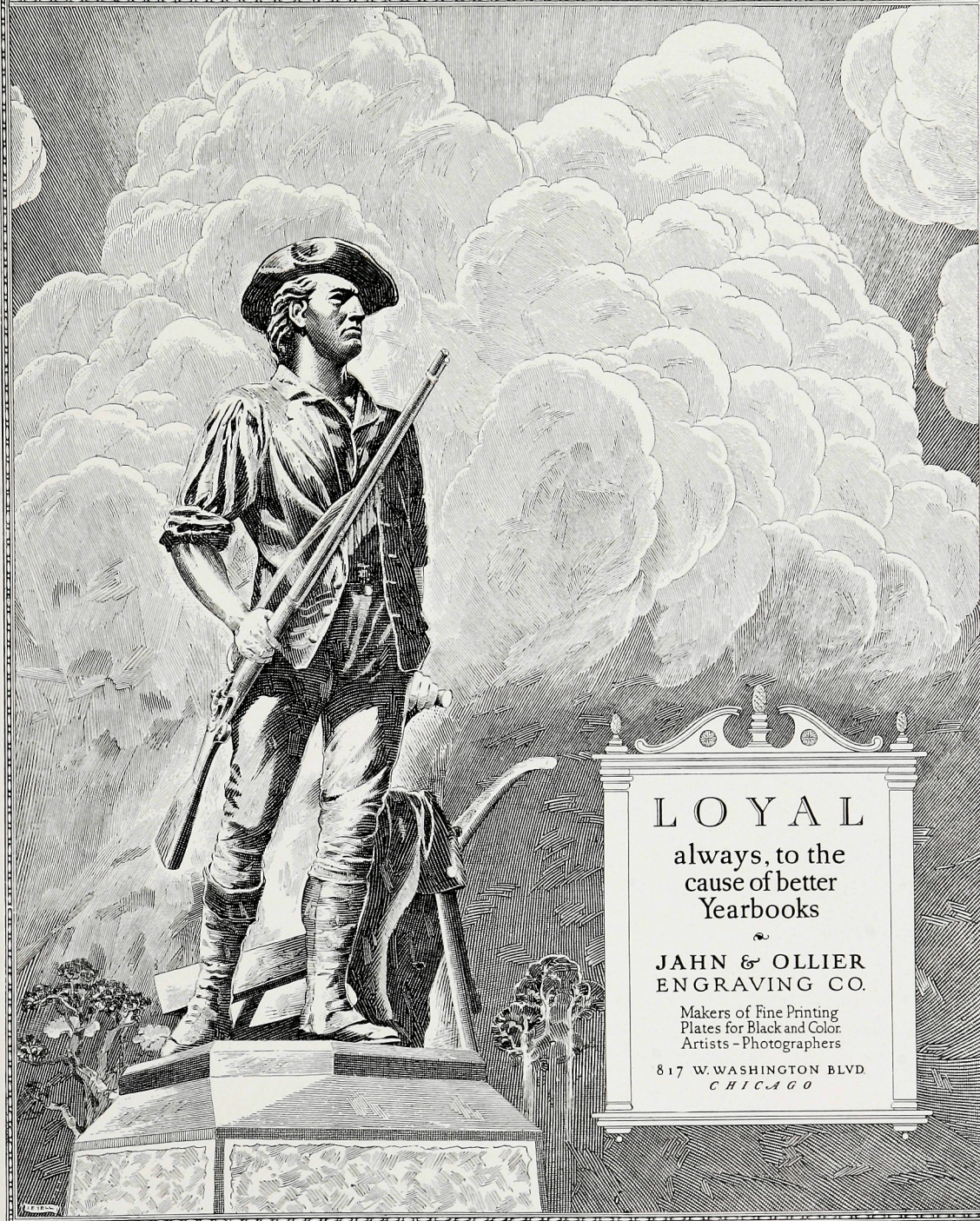
Dictated by the Kindergarten children



ADVERTISING INDEX

Adele	95	Logeman	95
Aimee	84	Mack & Parker.....	89
Anderson	96	Morgan's Grocery... ..	91
Arnil	94	Neild's Sport Shop.....	95
Blockert	83	Noelle	87
Capper & Capper.....	84	Paper Specialties.....	91
Chicago Steel Service.....	88	Park	91
Christiano	87	Peacock	82
Community Kitchen.....	93	Peter's Market	84
Conney's Pharmacy.....	94	Porter's Electric Shop.. .	94
Dee Railton Ltd.....	95	Pouloplous Market.....	93
Doggie Beauty Shoppe.....	86	Rapp Market.....	96
Eckart Hardware.....	96	Rasmussen Shoe Shop.....	94
Ellen's Beauty Shop.....	95	The Knitting Shop	94
Fell	95	Rogers	85
Findlay Galleries.....	83	Rogers Printing Co.	80
Heffernan	85	Shawnee Garage.....	92
Helander	96	Shore Line Cleaners.....	86
Herbst	94	Tarrant Market.....	93
Hlavecek	87	Taylor Hardware.....	94
Ilg	93	Thal	85
Jahn & Ollier	79	Tweeds & Weeds.....	86
Kidwell	92	Village Electric Shop.....	95
Kircher	87	Wagstaff	86
L & A Stationers.....	81	Wilt	82

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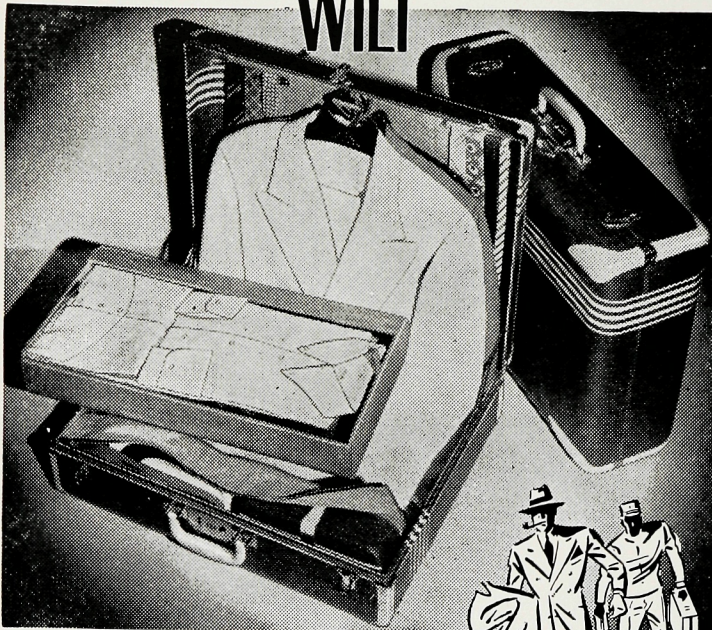
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